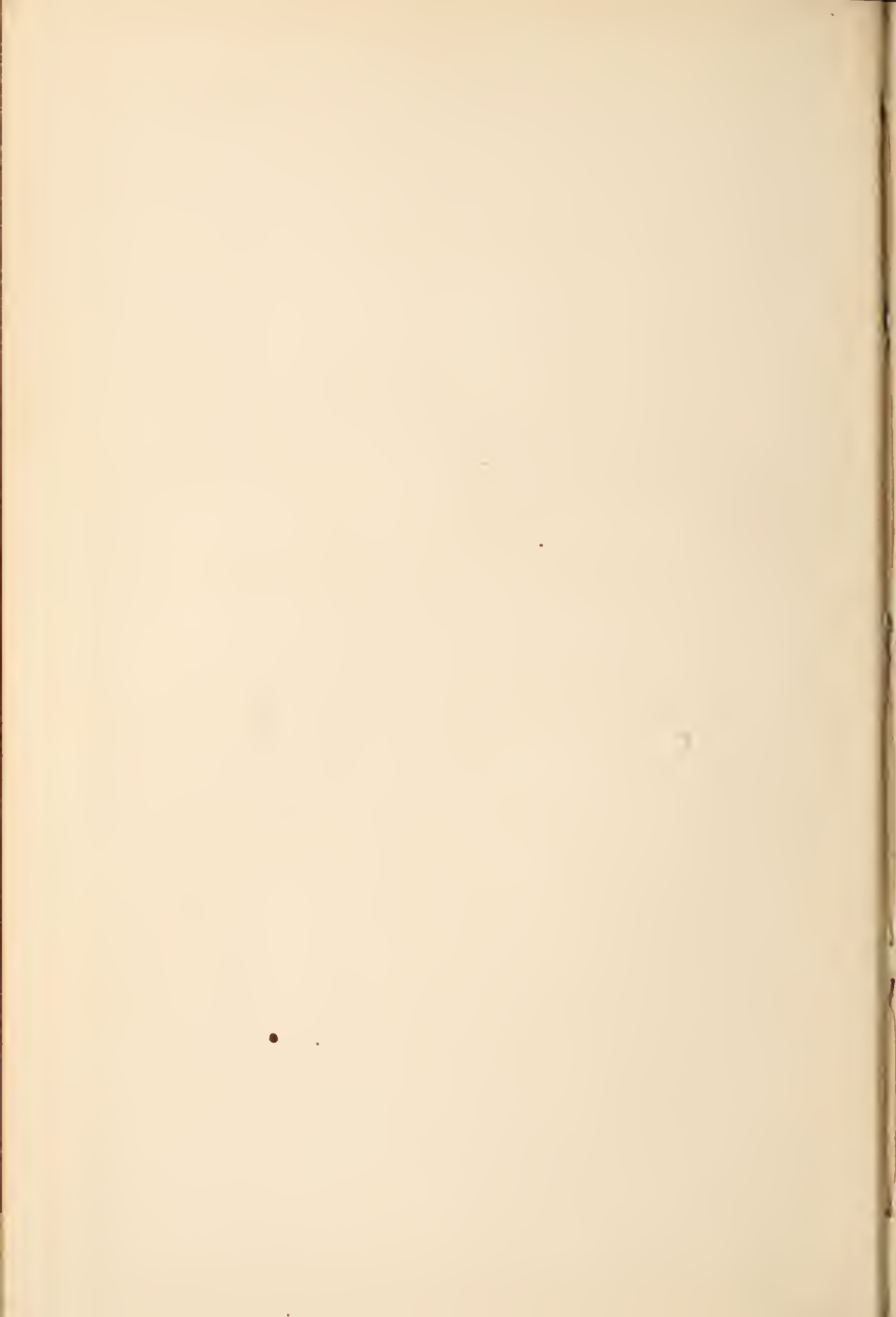
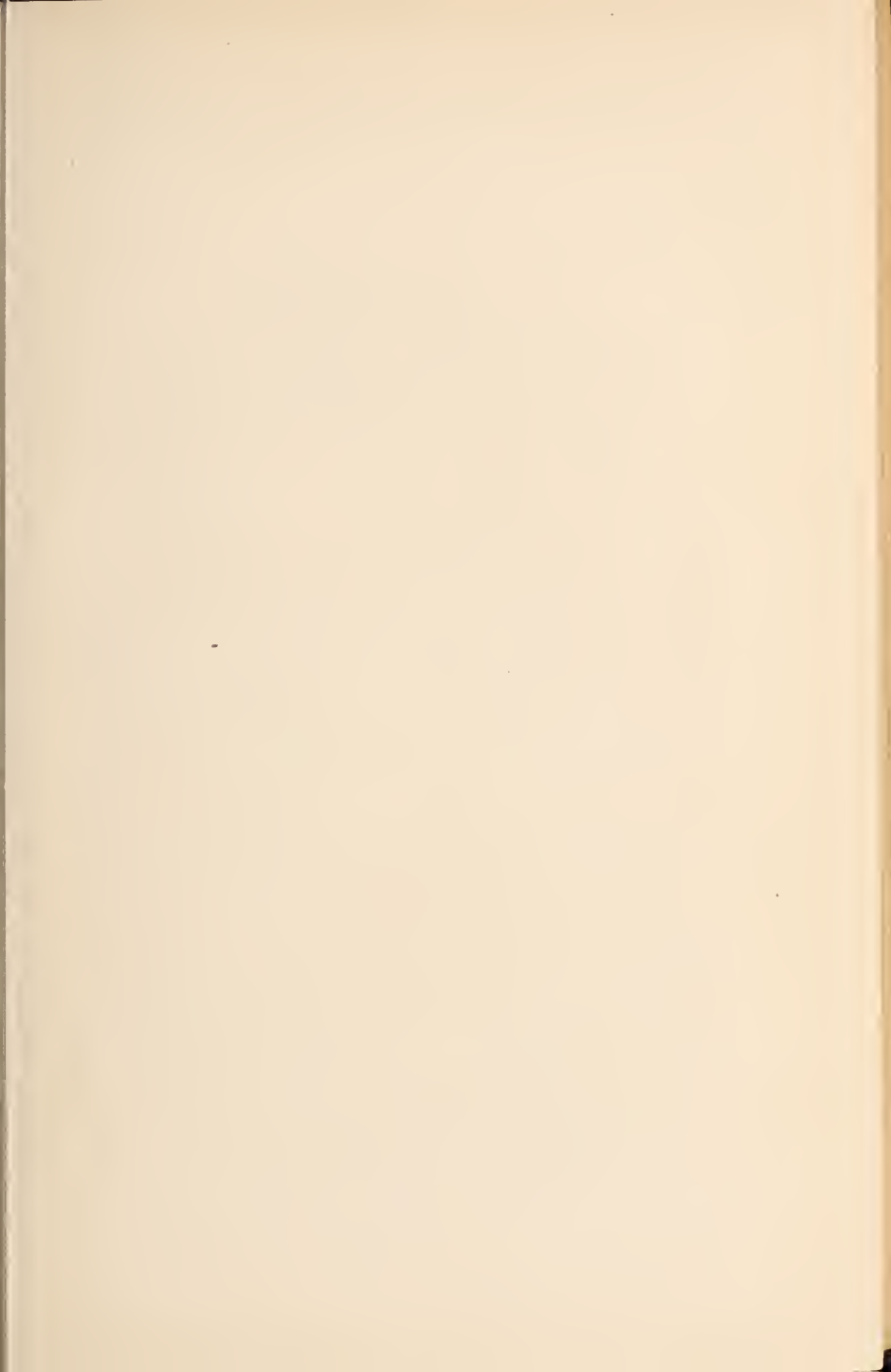


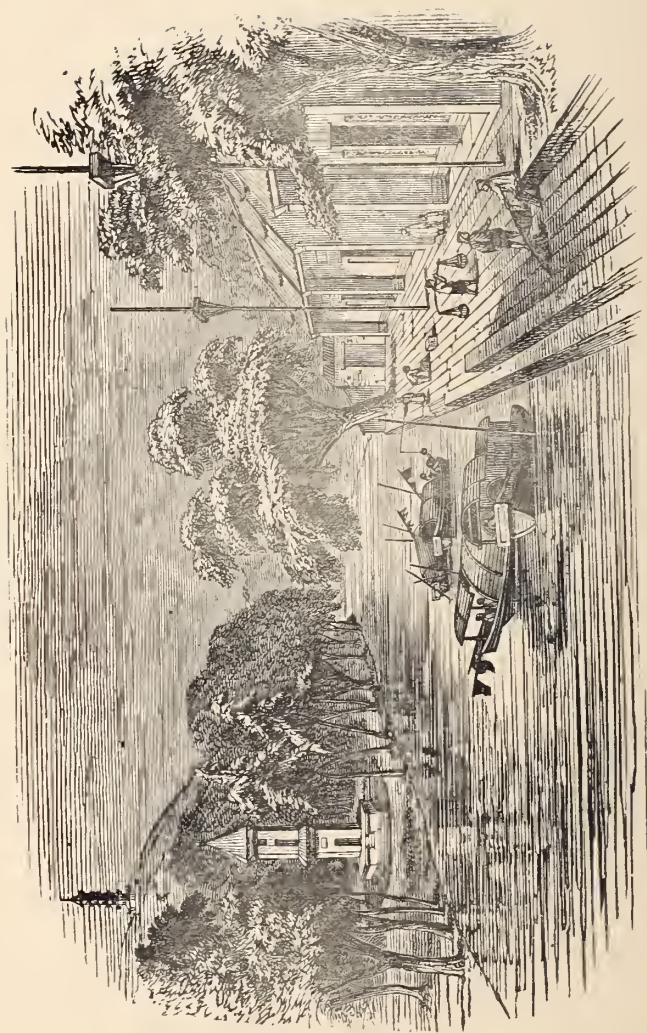
# HOMeward



REV. J. M. W. FARNHAM, M.A.







A SCENE ON THE GRAND CANAL.





# HOMeward;

OR,

## TRAVELS

IN

THE HOLY LAND,  
CHINA, INDIA, EGYPT, AND EUROPE.

BY

REV. J. M. W. FARNHAM, A. M.

*"Pleasant was the Journey Homeward."*

LONGFELLOW.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.



SCHENECTADY:

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## P R E F A C E .

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AFTER many years of Missionary work in China, the author, with his family, returned to his native land for rest and invigoration. The book now offered to the public is made up from notes of the journey. It was in the year 1872, and the substance of some of these chapters appeared at the time in *The North-China Herald*, *New York Observer*, *The Morning Star*, and other newspapers. The author has so often been called upon for information as to the best route, etc., that he has concluded to re-publish these articles in book form, that they may be accessible to all. A letter, dated in Jerusalem, was recently received from a friend, who says:—

“I want in the first place to tell you how

much benefit I have derived from the notes you gave me. They have been all along just the thing I needed, and better than any guide-book."

The route which the reader will follow in these pages was marked out and studied with great care before the journey was begun, and is still believed to embrace the most interesting places that can be reached without greater expenditure of time and money.

With such a book, while sitting around the fireside, those who cannot otherwise enjoy the pleasures of travel, may have some of its enjoyments, with none of the annoyances. To those who travel over any part of this route it may be useful as a hand-book.

The writer has availed himself of every aid within his reach, often adopting the language without deeming it necessary to mention the author; so that the reader will find here much information culled from various sources. He may also be assured that the statements are authentic, or generally so considered. What

the author has not personally witnessed, he has spared no pains to verify, consulting, besides Murray's, and numerous other guide books, *Prime's Around the World*, *Seward's Around the World*, *Hendrix's Around the World*, *The East Through the West*, by Bishop Marvin; *Continental and Oriental Travels*, *Her Majesty's Indian Possessions*, by Cameron; etc. etc.

The Missionary Statistics are from tables compiled in the year 1877.

The writer acknowledges his obligations to Mrs. E. H. Thomson, who has kindly revised the sheets, as they went through the press, and regrets that circumstances prevented some of her corrections being inserted.

It is only right to add that many of the illustrations were engraved by a pupil, who has had only such imperfect instruction as the author was able to give, and were printed by inexperienced pressmen.



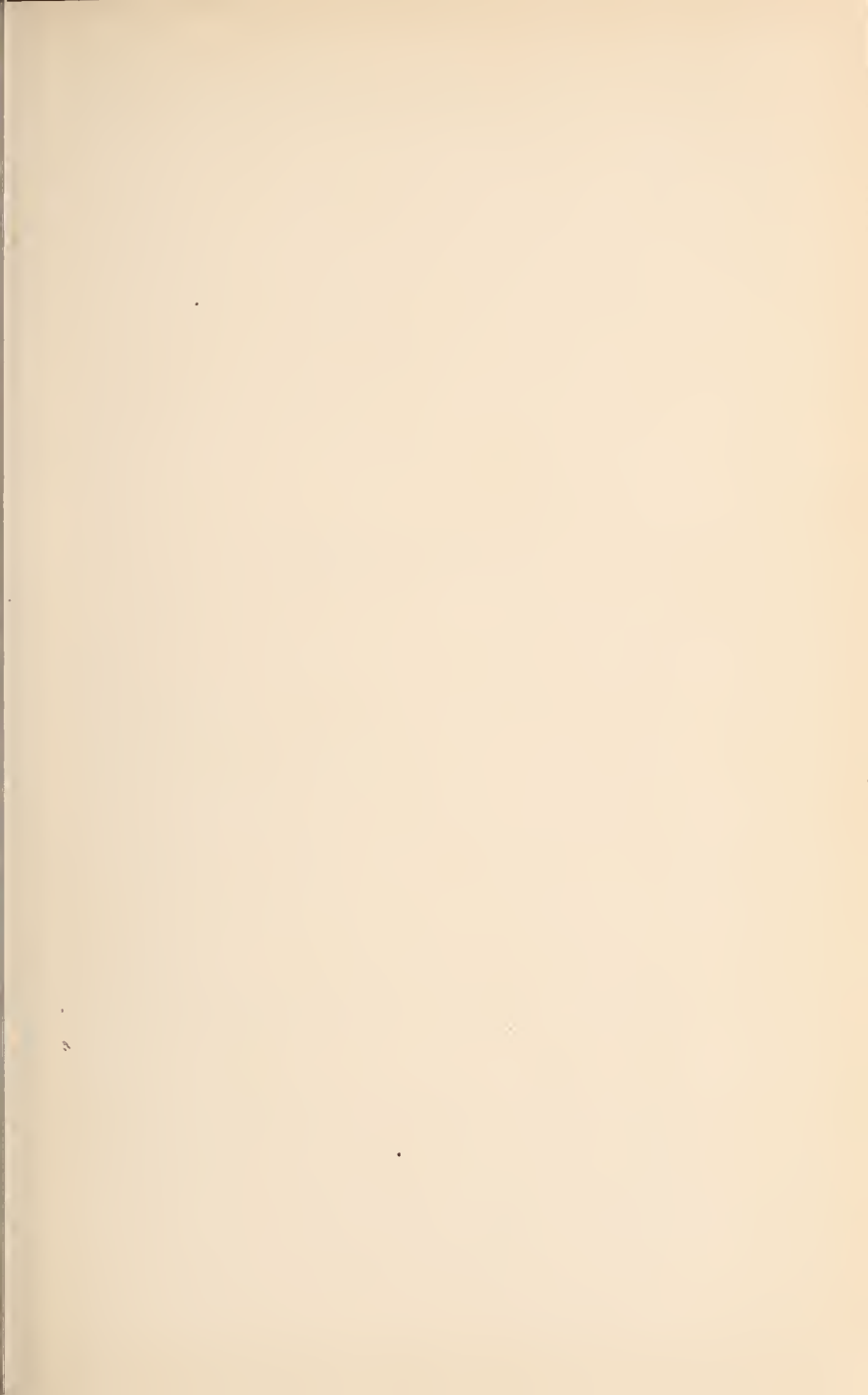


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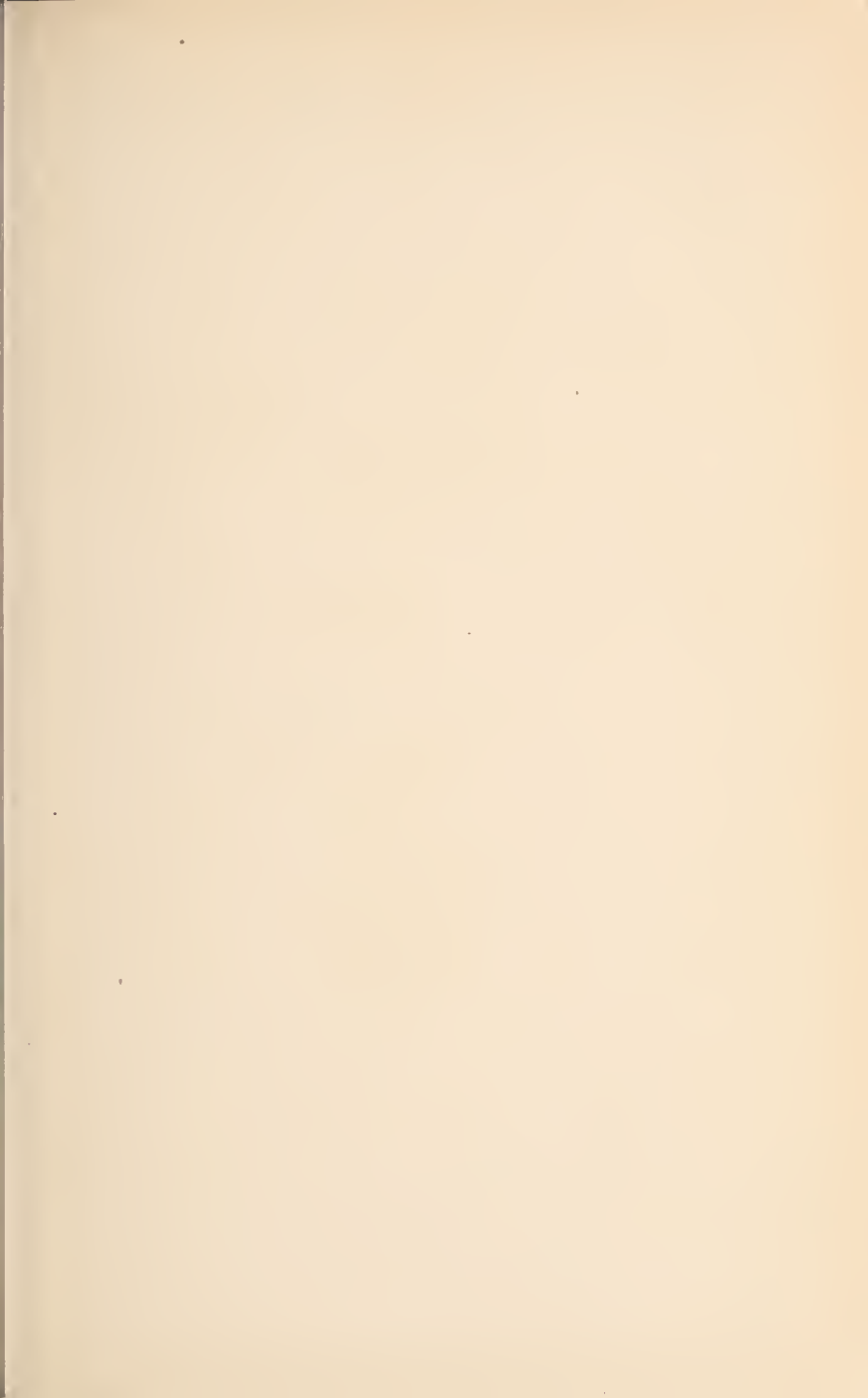
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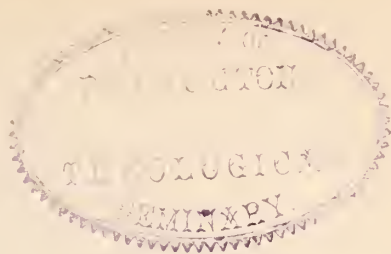






**HOMeward.**





## H O M E W A R D .



### I.

#### LEAVING SHANGHAI.

HOMEWARD bound! How the thought thrills the heart of one long in exile.

We have always been happy at our work, never home sick nor lonely. Every day freighted with its cares has passed quickly by. Yet twelve long years have come and gone since we left our home,

“The dearest spot on earth,”—

to which every day will now bring us nearer. The journey lies through some of the most interesting countries in the world, and is the realization of the fondest dreams of boyhood.

Leaving not a few with tear dimmed eyes, and receiving many tokens of affection we went on board the steamer, where our friends,

native and foreign, had assembled to bid us farewell.

While the steamer is delayed, let us in imagination, stroll about the locality where we have spent so many happy days.

Shanghai is a walled city, about thirty miles from the coast, and twelve miles up the Wongpoo, a branch of the Yang-tse.

As we steam up the river there is on each side a low, flat country, with not a hill in sight. For greater security, the people live in hamlets, dotting the country here and there in every direction; in some cases so nearly sheltered by trees, that, at first sight one scarcely notices their dark tiled roofs. The low brick walls are usually of the same sombre color as the roofs; though sometimes when plastered and whitewashed, they look quite neat and pretty among the green foliage.

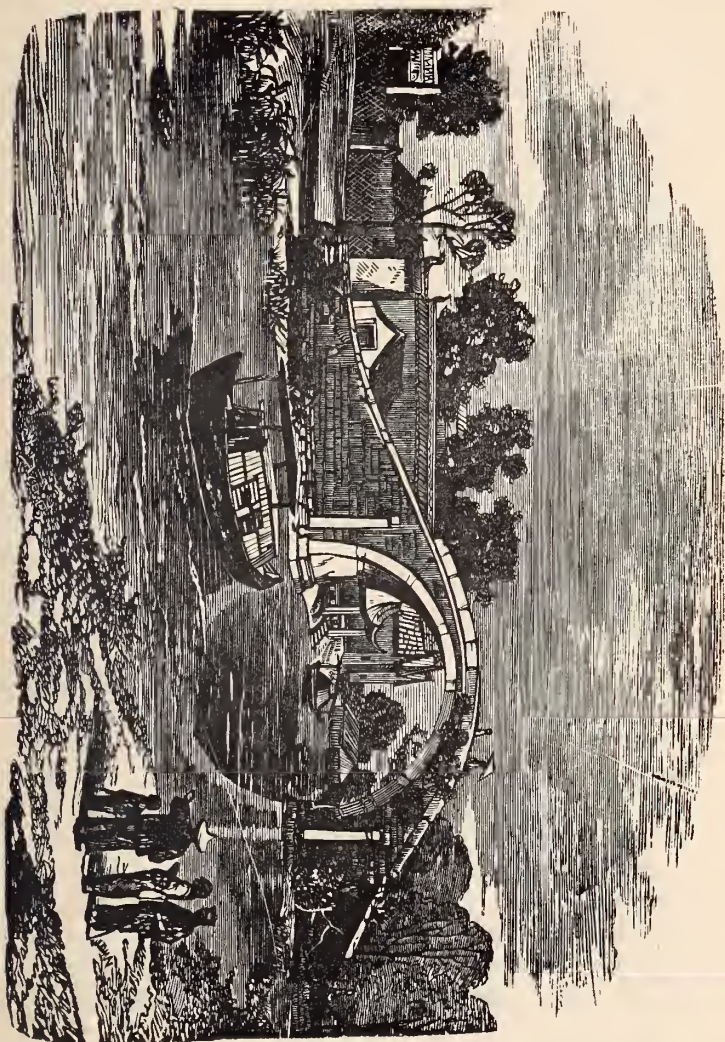
There are no forests and but few large trees. Numerous canals, spanned by arched bridges, cross the country, and fleets of boats moving with the tide present a lively scene.

The immense number of native craft, with tugs and large steamers passing and repassing, gives the traveler notice that he is approaching a great centre of trade, and such indeed is Shanghai.\*

---

\* The exports and imports amounting to more than one hundred and fifty millions of dollars annually.

A COUNTRY SCENE NEAR SHANGHAI.



As you draw nearer, extensive wharves, store-houses, docks, ship and lumber yards, greet the eye on both sides of the river. A slight turn reveals the settlement of Shanghai, directly ahead, usually giving the visitor who sees it for the first time, a pleasant surprise.

Along the well macadamized streets, all sorts of carriages are drawn, by almost as great a variety of horses. The place is lighted with gas, and by night the crescent-shaped bund, with its double row of lamp posts, and innumerable lights on the river, presents a gay and lively appearance. The large stores, beautiful halls and churches, and palatial residences of the merchants, can scarcely be surpassed in any part of the world.

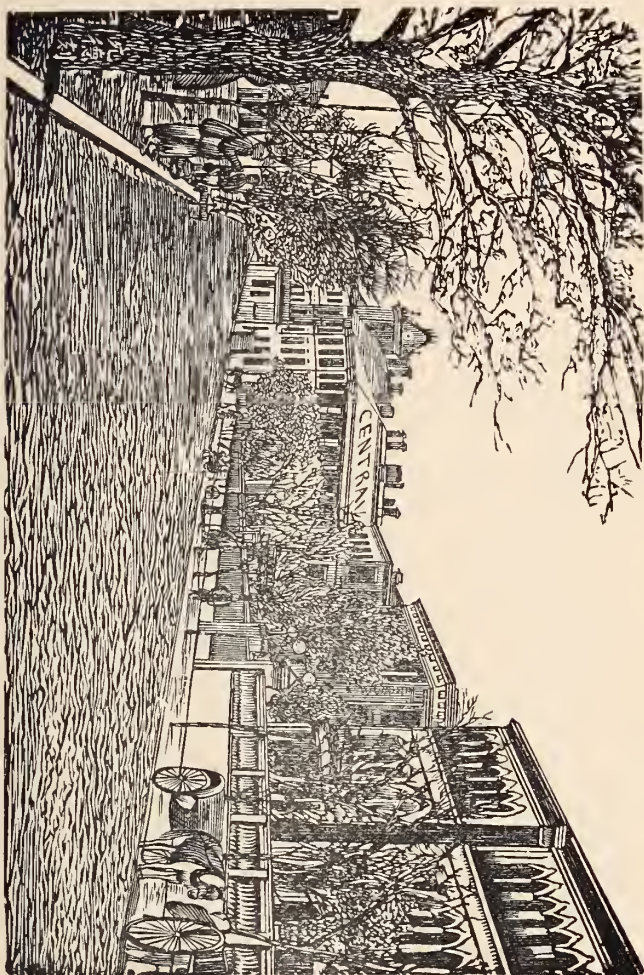
Carriage roads furnish pleasant drives through the country in various directions.

The plain extends for many miles away, unbroken by the slightest elevation, except the innumerable grave mounds which abound every where, and in many places nearly cover the ground.

The soil is rich, producing good crops of cotton, rice and other grains, besides a great variety of vegetables. A few miles away, we enter the silk districts, where mulberry orchards every where meet the eye.

Above the foreign settlements, on the west bank of the river, there is a densely populated





A VIEW ON THE BUND—SHANGHAI.

suburb, extending to the city wall. It is a mile or more in length, and in some places half a mile wide. The whole population of city, settlement and suburb, is estimated at half a million.

The wall around the city is about three miles in circumference, twenty-five feet high, and fifteen or twenty feet broad. It is surmounted with a parapet, and guns are mounted at the embrasures and on the bastions. There are arched gateways through the walls, two upon each side, except the west, where there is but one. Double doors, thick and iron bound, close these entrances every night about dark.

The mission houses are on the north, south and west, some near, and none very far from the city gates.\*

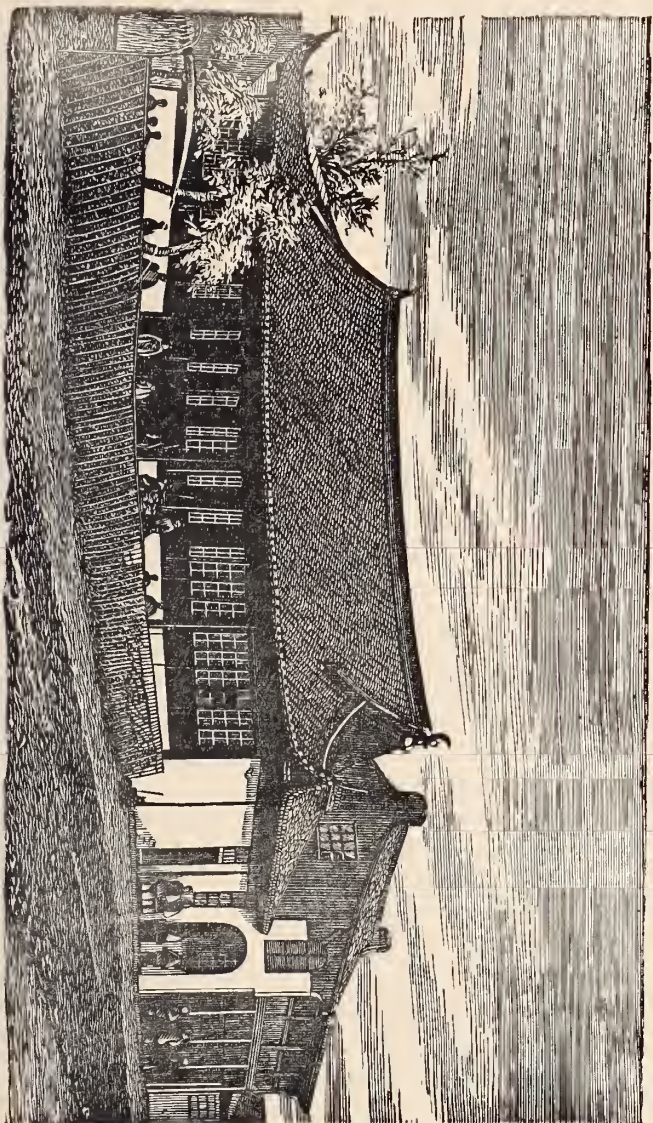
One of their chapels, in the Chinese style of architecture, is seen in the engraving. It is located outside of the wall, between the two south gates. The wing is devoted to a

---

\* Here the sainted Medhurst spent much of his laborious life. Bridgman, Boone, Culbertson and Lowrie all labored and died here.

The present missionary force consists of the following gentlemen and their wives, together with the ladies whose names are given.

Rev. W. Muirhead, Rev. E. R. Barrett, B. A., Miss Bear, Rev. Samuel Dyer, B. A., Rev. Canon McClatchie, M. A., Rev. R. Nelson, D. D., Rev. E. H. Thomson, Miss L. M. Fay, Miss Mary Nelson., Rev. J. M. W. Farnham, Rev. J. S. Roberts, Rev. W. S. Holt, Rev. J. W. Lambuth.



PRESBYTERIAN MISSION CHAPEL—SHANGHAI.

boy's boarding school. In the engraving on the opposite page, the building on the right is the girl's boarding school.

Suppose we pass in with the crowd and take a look at the city. A flight of stone steps leads to the top of the wall, and we look out upon a sea of black roofs. There are no steeples in view, and only here and there is the monotony broken by the tower of a mission chapel.

Upon the north are the foreign settlements, with tower and spire. To the east is the broad Wongpoo, and turning southward the eye traces its course for many a mile, winding among fertile fields, looking like a silver thread as it vanishes in the distance. Here is ample evidence that the country is densely populated. The people are seen crowding

---

Rev. W. R. Lambuth, M. D., Rev. Y. J. Allen, D. D.,  
and the Rev. M. T. Yates, D. D.

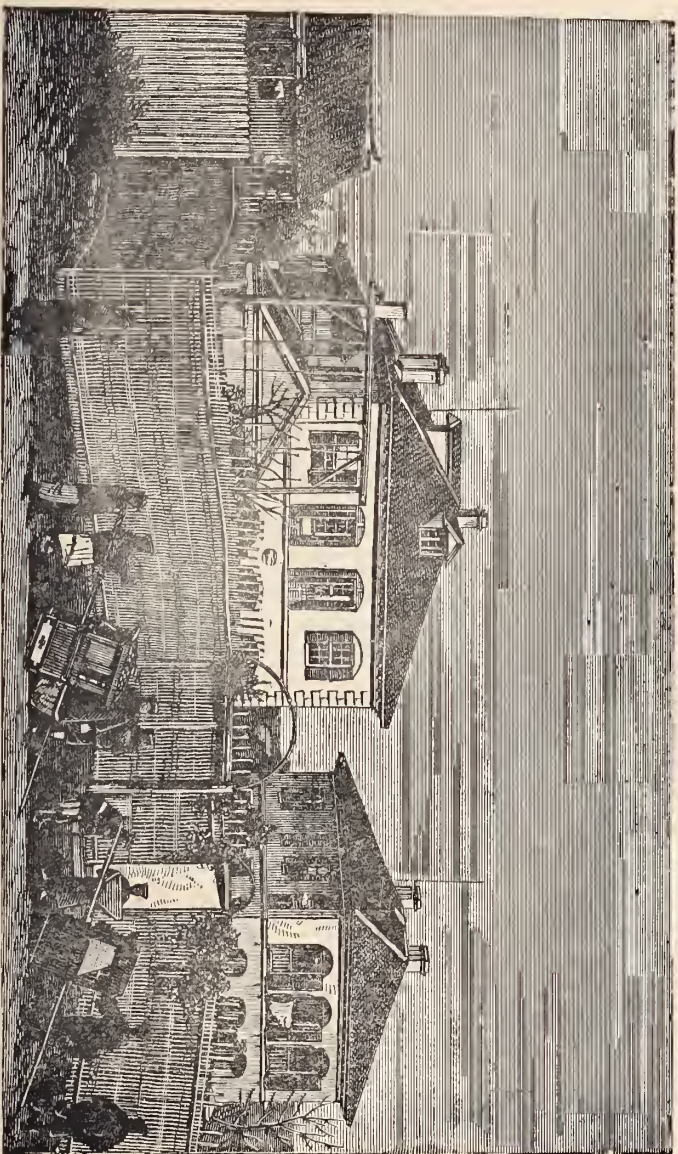
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STATISTICS OF THE SHANGHAI MISSIONS.

	Out Stations	Church Members	Pupils in Schools	Native S. School Preachers	S. School Scholars
Am. Bapt.	2	86	43	3	20
„ Epis.	10	170	499	5	60
„ Meth.	5	112	127	6	161
„ Presby.	2	94	130	4	206
S. Day Bpt.	...	16	...	3	...
Eng. Ch.	...	48	56	1	...
Lond. Miss.	5	184	66	5	...
TOTALS.	24	710	921	27	347

---





PRESBYTERIAN MISSION HOUSES—SHANGHAI.



the streets at your feet, and going and coming in every direction in the distance.

Whatever a stranger may think, one who lives among them, sees many interesting faces.

The engraving, shows the style of dressing the hair, and costume of a Shanghai girl.



One of the most noted places within the walls, is the city park called *The Tea Gardens*. Here are artificial hills, lakelets and rockery; with tea houses, pavilions and fantastic





THE SHANGHAI TEA GARDENS.



bridges. An adjoining enclosure contains a few specimens of wild animals.

Let us now descend, and walk through the narrow paved streets. They are usually eight or ten feet wide, but in some places, one with out-stretched arms may touch both sides at the same time. The houses are mostly one story, without paint or whitewash. No bright colors enliven the scene, and the dark gray bricks and weather-beaten woodwork, present a sombre and uninviting picture. The doors of the houses open on the street, except those of the better classes, where you pass through court after court, before reaching the reception room. The farther from the street the more genteel, they are considered to be. The fronts of the shops consist of moveable doors, which are taken away in the morning, and replaced when the stores are closed at night. As we pass along, one gets a good view of the shopkeepers, their numerous clerks at the counters, and the great variety of wares temptingly exposed for sale. The sign boards are usually vertical instead of horizontal, suspended just above the head, with beautiful gilt letters on both sides.

We can often in this way, look into the houses as well as into the shops, and see much of the manners and customs of the people. Though most of the domestic work is done in

back rooms, or courts in the rear, yet we often catch glimpses of washing, cooking, etc., or even what they deem the necessary operation of binding the little girls' feet, the children striving and crying in an agony of pain.

While we have been talking, the tide has turned, the anchor is coming up, and we must bid good bye to Shanghai, and Shanghai friends.

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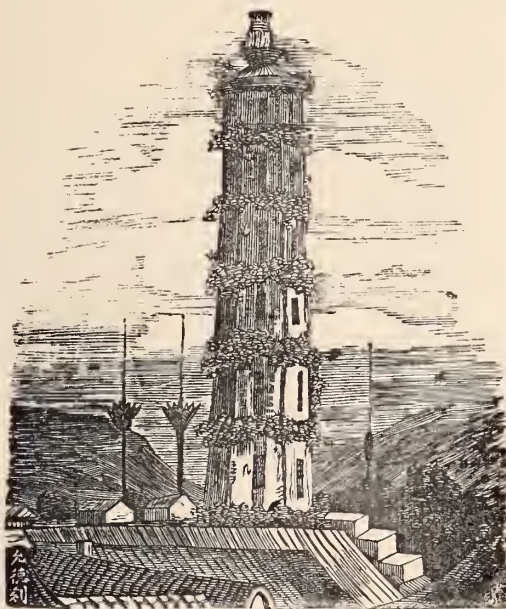
## II.

### A T S E A .

WE were soon outside of the river, the vessel rolling and pitching in a way likely to make a landsman sick. About one hundred miles south of Shanghai, we pass Ningpo. This is a large city, pleasantly situated on a river of the same name, twelve miles from its mouth. The beautiful scenery, and other objects of interest, well repay a visit. Steamers ply daily between here and Shanghai. Missionaries\* have probably had more success

---

\* MISSIONARIES IN NINGPO.—Church Mission:—Rt. Rev. Bishop Russell, Rev. F. F. Gough, Rev. J. Bates, Rev. A. E. Moule, and their wives, Rev. J. C. Hoare and Miss M. Lawrence. There are no Missionaries of the China Inland Mission in Ningpo; though they have an important



THE NINGPO PAGODA.

work in this region. Of the United Methodist Free Church there are Rev. R. Swallow and wife and Rev. F. Galpin.

The Baptist Missionary Union has Rev. J. R. Goddard, Rev. S. P. Barchet M. D. and their wives and Rev. E. C. Lord, D. D.

The American Presbyterian Missionaries are the Rev. J. A. Leyenberger, Rev. John Butler and their wives and Misses Ketchum and Houston.

in Ningpo than in any other port in China, except Foochow and Amoy. In a little over two days, partially recovered from the sea-sickness, we reached the mouth of the Min. The steamer anchored to wait for the tide, and we had a few hours to look at the shores and the entrance to this beautiful river.

At length the anchor was taken up, and we found ourselves in a narrow, crooked stream, with high mountains on both sides. Here, they are sloping, terraced and cultivated; there, abrupt, barren and rocky. A quarry is being worked near the top, and the products are slid down a well-worn path to the water's edge, whence they are taken upon boats to Foochow, for building purposes.

At the Anchorage, the Chinese have a large arsenal, with extensive foundries and machine shops. Here they build fine gunboats after the most approved models, and manufacture cannons and small arms.

All the large sailing vessels and steamers

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STATISTICS OF THE NINGPO MISSIONS.

	Out Stations	Church Members	Pupils in Schools	Native Preachers	S. School Scholars
Am. Bapt.	19	301	91	23	50
„ Presby.	17	454	148	18	...
Inland.	9	136	30	11	...
Eng. Ch.	13	247	226	18	40
„ Meth.	6	151	49	8	...
TOTALS.	64	1289	544	78	90

---

that visit this port anchor here. Small craft ascend to the city but cannot go above it, on account of the falls just there. From the Anchorage to the city, the hills gradually disappear or come sloping down to the water's edge from a great distance.

As the steamer cast anchor and swung round with the tide, we stepped into a Chinese boat, chartered to take us to the city. With wind and tide favoring, our little craft flew over the water like a bird.

It was past the middle of February, and though milder than in Shanghai, it was still a cold day; with overcoats on and wrapped in rugs we could scarcely keep warm. The boatman had his wife and family living on board. There were two children, one about a year, and the other a little more than two years old; they both had bare feet, red with cold, yet they seemed used to it, and appeared cheerful and happy.

Orange and banyan groves, looking green and luxuriant, are a pleasing feature of the landscape. The winter grain is from eight inches to a foot in height, and the whole aspect of the country is more that of advanced spring, than of midwinter.

As Foochow comes in sight, we see the chain of mountains surrounding it, some ten or fifteen miles away, rising in abrupt and lofty

peaks, or falling off into gentle undulations. The visitor cannot fail to admire the charming and romantic scenery lying between the mouth of the Min and Foochow. It has been thought by some European travelers, to resemble the scenery of Switzerland in its picturesqueness and grandeur; others have compared it with that of the Rhine and Hudson. In grandeur and beauty, it seems scarcely to out-rival the Hudson. How it compares with the Rhine we hope to see ere long.



### III.

#### F O O C H O W .

Foochow is a walled city, having seven massive gates, which are shut at nightfall and opened at day-break. Over each of the gates are high towers, overlooking and commanding the approach to them. At intervals on the walls are built small guard-houses. The walls are composed of earth and stones and are twenty-five feet high, and about twenty feet wide. The inner and outer surfaces are faced with stone or brick, and the top is paved with granite flag stones. The circuit of the walls is about seven miles, and can be traversed on the top in sedan-chairs, or on foot, affording a variety of novel and interesting views in quick succession.

It has become by rapid strides, one of the



most important of the consular ports in China for the purchase of black teas, of which fifty eight millions of pounds have been exported in a single year.

It has a large trade with other ports on the sea-coast by means of native craft, as well as in foreign vessels, giving and receiving some of the luxuries and the necessities of life.

Not unfrequently there are twenty-five or thirty sailing vessels and steamers of different nationalities at the Anchorage, discharging or receiving their cargoes.

Opposite the city there is a slight fall or rapid, and just above, a small island. The river flows from west to east, and a good substantial stone bridge spans it on a line with the island. It is called by the natives *The Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages*. It is said to have been built eight hundred years ago, and is about one quarter of a mile long, and thirteen or fourteen feet wide. It has nearly forty solid buttresses, situated at unequal distances from each other, shaped like a wedge at the upper and lower ends, and built of hewn granite. Immense stones, some of them nearly three feet square and forty-five feet long, extend from buttress to buttress, acting as sleepers. Above these stone sleepers, a granite platform is made. On the sides of the bridge are strong stone rails morticed into large stone pillars.



To the northwest, and distant six or seven miles, is another celebrated stone bridge, across the Min, called the "*Bridge of the Cloudy Hills*." The scenery in its vicinity is mountainous and interesting. These two bridges are built in the same style.

The foreign residents live principally on the hill near the southern bank of the Min. Our first view of the city was from this eminence, and being at night there was little to be seen but the dim outline of the city and its myriad lights. In a clear day the scenery from this point is beautiful. To the eastward, looming up five or six miles distant, is "Drum Mountain." Nearer is the river, with its multitude of junks and boats. As one glances in a more northerly direction, parts of the city come within range. In it the white pagoda and the watch-tower are prominent objects. Black Rock Hill is also conspicuous, and nearer, in the suburbs, are seen Great Temple Hill and several spacious foreign hong's. To the northwest and the west the numerous boats on the river, and the distant hills present a diversified and striking appearance.

From the top of the Great Temple Hill, looking toward the south, the prospect is also fine. Probably there is not a better standpoint in the suburbs than this, for a view of the most prominent objects in the valley of the

Min. The river, spread out to the west, south, and east, covered with its countless boats, the bridges on each side of Middle Island, with their passing throng, foreign honges, the British consulate, flag-staffs and flags of various nationalities, form a varied and interesting picture. In the distance to the south are the Five Tigers, and other ranges of hills. To the east and west are highly-cultivated plains, villages, canals, etc. On the north, the city is seen, much more distinctly than from the hill on the southern bank of the river.

We walked leisurely through the suburb, between the north bank and the city, and entering one of the gates, examined as we went, the various manufactures and articles of merchandise, rarely seen in more northern cities. So similar is the language to the dialects spoken farther north, that there was less difficulty in communicating than had been anticipated.\*

Just after entering the city gate, we ascended Black Rock Hill. It is 300 feet high, commanding a good view of the city, settlement and surrounding country. One can trace the walls, seven or eight miles in circumference, and note the

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\* A Comparative Grammar, showing the relation of all these dialects, will be an interesting work for some philologist. The late Rev. Mr. Krolczyk, of Hongkong, drew up a tabular statement, giving a view of many of the dialects in the South, which would seem to constitute the greater part of the labor connected with such a work.

towers over the gates. The city is within an amphitheatre of hills from four to seven miles distant. The view presents an undulating country near the city, with hills and mountains in the distance, from 2,000 to 3,000 feet high. The ridge by which the city is so nearly surrounded, has a single gap on the west, through which the river finds its way, and another on the East furnishing an outlet. Both branches may be traced, also the outline of the beautiful island which is nearly covered with orange groves. The country is looking fresh and green, and the season is much in advance of Shanghai. It is only a little past the middle of February, yet the peach trees are in full bloom. The weather is perceptibly milder, and it is very pleasant passing in a couple of days, from winter to spring.

The residences of the missionaries may all be seen from this point.\* Two of the American

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\* MISSIONARIES IN FOOCHOW.—Of the English Church there are the Rev. J. R. Woolfe and the Rev. R. W. Stewart and their wives.

Of the American Board there are the Rev. C. C. Baldwin, D. D., Rev. Charles Hartwell, Rev. S. F. Woodin, D. W. Osgood, M. D., Rev. J. F. Walker, Rev. J. B. Blakley, and their wives and Miss A. M. Payson.

The Methodist Episcopal Church has the Rev. S. L. Baldwin, Rev. N. Sites, Rev. F. Ohlinger, Rev. N. J. Plumb, Rev. D. W. Chandler, and their wives; and Miss B. Woolston, Miss S. H. Woolston and Miss S. Trask, M. D.

Board's missionaries occupy houses on the side of a hill in the city, and two more live on a slight eminence, between the city and settlement. The Methodists have several houses, a church and printing establishment on the hill nearly behind the settlement. Here is the Church Mission contending with a Buddhist temple for the top of the hill. On one side of the temple is a girls' school, on the other a boys', and on the third the missionary's dwelling. It is said that the priests regret ever leasing these sites.

On the way up we visited their schools. Passing through the court-yard we approached the door leading to the school, supposing it to be on the same plain; but imagine our surprise when the door opened, and we looked, not as we expected, into the school-room, but directly over the school-house (some thirty feet down the hill), the doorway commanding a most unexpected and magnificent view of the city and hills beyond. Our surprises at the girls' school were hardly less. Having enjoyed the fine prospect from the hill, our guide turned his

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STATISTICS OF THE FOOCOW MISSIONS.					
	Out Stations	Church Members	Pupils in Schools	Native Preachers	S. School Scholars
Am. Board	16	175	136	19	90
„ Meth.	76	1254	469	80	54
Eng. Ch.	85	800	127	85	40
TOTALS.	177	2229	732	184	184

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steps towards the large Buddhist temple, which he had spoken of as worth a visit. It seemed strange that he should rap at the gate and that a little girl should come to open it, but in a moment after entering the court we discovered our mistake—it was not the temple, but a Mission school, in a foreign house, formerly the residence of a missionary. After seeing the school and several of the rooms, we passed through a door which seemed to open into another part of the mission premises, perhaps the school-room or chapel; but great was our surprise on crossing the threshold to find ourselves in the court of a heathen temple, surrounded with all the paraphernalia for idolatrous worship. The door is not ordinarily used, but the gentleman in charge took us by this direct way, to the temple. It seems that a former occupant had a book-case over this doorway, one door of which opened into the book shelves and the other into the court of the temple; persons who came in by this door were at a loss to discover the entrance, others opening the book-case were equally astonished to find themselves in the midst of a temple!

Foochow contains within its walls three principal hills, two in its southern and one in its northern quarter. Hence it is sometimes called the *Three Hills*. It is also frequently

styled the *Banyan City*, on account of the great number of mock banyan trees which are growing every where in the city and vicinity. The branches of this species seldom extend to the ground and take root, like the Indian banyan, though they sometimes do.



THE BANYAN TREE.

A single tree with its outstretched branches sometimes shades a space of ground from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in diameter.





A STREET SCENE.

The streets are paved with granite flagstones. If a hill occurs in the street, it is ascended and descended by means of a flight of stone steps. On this account, even if the streets were wide enough, no wheeled vehicle could be used in them. Merchandise, furni-

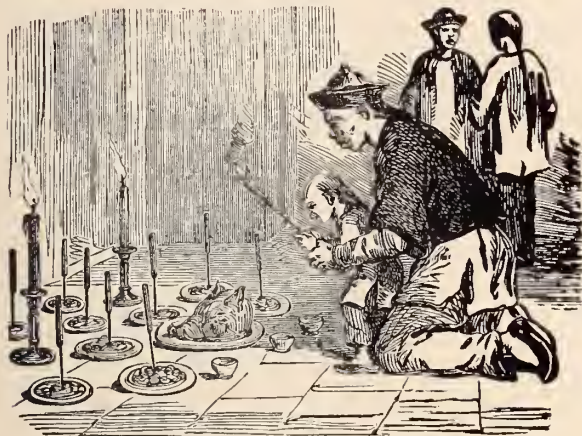


CARRYING THE LITTLE ONES TO CHURCH.



ture, etc., are carried to and fro through the streets by coolies.

The engraving, on the opposite page, represents a method sometimes adopted, for carrying *children*.



WORSHIPPING ANCESTORS.

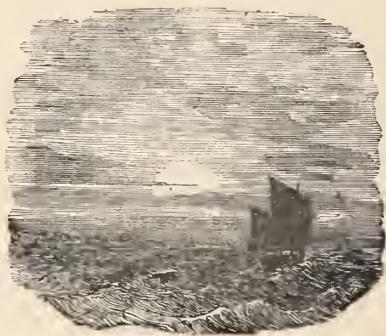
The Chinaman in worshipping his ancestors, lights candles and burns incense setting out various kinds of food. He prays to his deified Ancestors, as Christians do to God.

One of the most noticeable differences in the costume of the people, is the head dress of the women. The Foochow woman wears several silver pins, five or six inches long, stuck into the back part of her hair, with two or

three behind a little border, arching over like the plumage of a domestic fowl. Besides these and her small feet, (resembling horses' hoofs) she prides herself in one other ornament, silver earrings, not less than two inches and a half, or three inches in diameter, which seem indispensable.

Foochow, including its large suburbs, one of which is about three miles long, is said to contain a million of inhabitants. In the number of its foreign residents and importance of its commerce, it claims to be second only to Shanghai. Canton, long since obliged to yield the palm to Shanghai, will not willingly give up the second rank to Foochow, or to her only other rival, Hankow.

We were allowed but two days to enjoy the society of Foochow friends, and the really beautiful natural scenery of this region.



## IV.

### AT SEA AGAIN.

NEARLY two hundred miles south of Foo-chow, we have Amoy on the right and Formosa on the left.

Formosa has the honor of having possession of the first rail road, owned by the Chinese government. Whether it will ever be operated is a question.

There are important Christian Missions on both islands.\*

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\* MISSIONARIES IN AMOY.—Of the London Mission there are the Rev. J. Sadler and his wife.

The English Presbyterian Mission has the Rev. G. Smith, Rev. W. S. Swanson, Rev. W. McGregor, Rev. R. Gordon and their wives. The Reformed Church has Rev. J. V. N. Talmage, D. D., Rev. L. W. Kip, and their wives and Miss H. M. Van Doren.

#### STATISTICS OF THE AMOY MISSIONS.

	Out Stations	Church Members	Pupils in Schools	Native Preachers	S. School Scholars
Refd. Ch.	14	591	115	15	...
Lond. Miss.	22	672	49	20	...
Eng. Presby.	24	641	138	24	...
TOTALS.	50	1904	302	69	...

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We were two days in reaching Hongkong. On arriving we went immediately to the Canton steamer, without even landing. The walking beam was already in motion, and we had barely time to get on board before she moved off.

There are two of these steamers on the line, running alternate days. They call them American steamers—under English colors, might be added. They leave Hongkong at eight o'clock in the morning, and reach Canton early in the afternoon. The change from the tumbling, pitching, rolling steamship, with its many disagreeable odors, to this clean, commodious, well ventilated river steamer, moving along up the bay without the slightest "motion" seemed like being transported to fairyland. The distance to Canton is ninety miles, forty-five miles on the narrow bay, and forty-five on the Pearl River.

The hills that bound the bay are barren and uninteresting, but after entering the river, sloping hills and broad valleys meet the eye, especially above Whampoa.

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STATISTICS OF THE FORMOSA MISSIONS.

	Out Stations	Church Members	Pupils in Schools	Native Preachers	S. School Scholars
Eng. Presby.	25	967	80	24	...
Canadian. „	11	147	85	12	...
TOTALS.	36	1114	165	36	...

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The old forts lining the banks are known in history as the "Bogue" forts and played a conspicuous part in the Opium or "Arrow" war.

A good tiffin was served at one o'clock. As far as soup and fish, entreés and courses were concerned, it might fairly be classed with that species of meal generally denominated dinner. After recent experiences of sea-sickness, we were prepared to enjoy anything, provided it was not on the sea, and we did enjoy the boat and society, the scenery, and especially the dinner.

Within about twelve miles of Canton we pass Whampoa on the left. Here are fine docks, a few foreign houses, and the larger vessels which enter the river, the water being too shallow to allow them to proceed to Canton. There are a few steamers and sailing vessels lying here, but not much appearance of business. Several pagodas are to be seen, differing in their style of architecture from those in the north of China. The banyan and other evergreen trees make the country look quite cheerful even in winter.

A long line of low hills commence just west of Canton,\* and running close past it on the

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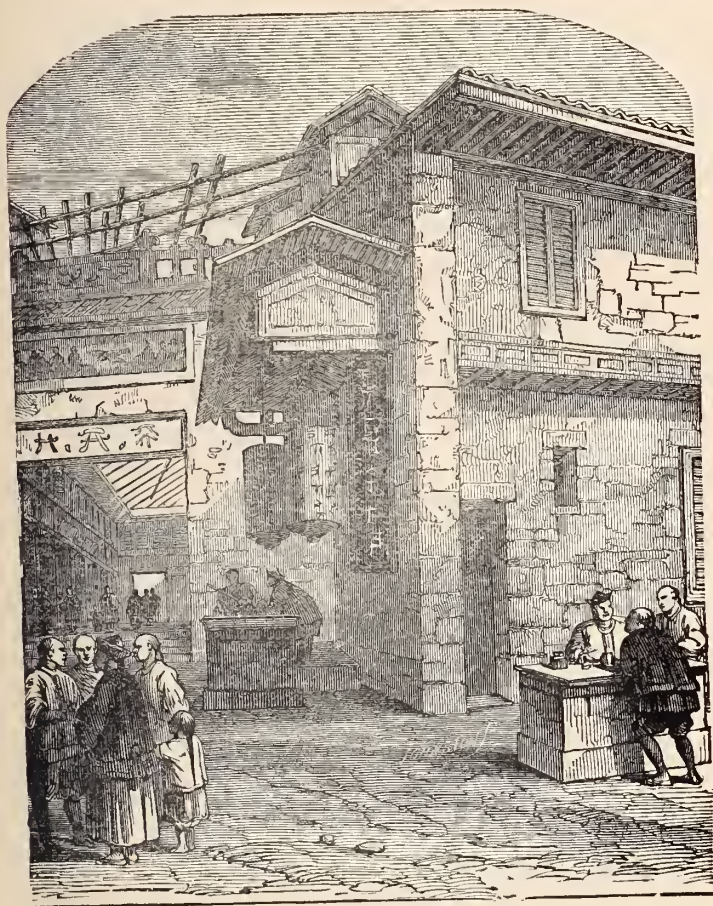
\* Canton is called *The City of Rams*, because five genii once visited it, riding on rams.

north, extend east towards Hongkong. Approaching by steamer, the city wall is seen crossing one of these hills, near a five storied pagoda.

Numerous peculiar structures, resembling towers, attract attention as you overlook the city. They are high square buildings, with flat roofs. The substantial unplastered brick walls are pierced with small iron grated windows. These are pawn-shops, and in the different floors are stored the thousands and thousands of different articles, from almost worthless to those which are very valuable. Buckets of water are ready in case of fire, (of which they are so fearful that smoking is not allowed inside), and on the house-top, which commands a view to a good distance, are heaps of brickbats and other missiles, for use in case of attack by robbers. Most of the goods are only redeemed once a year—prior to their great festival, the New Year, and then pledged again! The unredeemed goods are sold at auction.

The next strange object that strikes the eye is still more unsightly. All over the city, far above the housetops, higher than the tower-like pawnshops, perched upon the frailest kind of a bamboo structure, are little houses, just large enough to accommodate one man. They are watch-towers, erected and kept up





OLD CHINA STREET CANTON.

only during the dry weather. The watchman's duty is to look out for, and report the breaking out of any fire.

The river forks opposite the city, uniting near Whampoa. Here is a commodious and safe harbor, with a large number of steamers and sailing vessels at anchor. The river runs nearly east, and near the north bank is a small island containing most of the foreign residences and business places. It is entirely surrounded by a strong well built stone embankment. A broad street runs round it next to the water, and another through the middle from east to west. The buildings front on the river.

This pretty foreign settlement is called Chaming, and contains more than forty fine buildings besides a church built of white marble.

The city wall runs parallel to the north bank, but a short distance from the river, with

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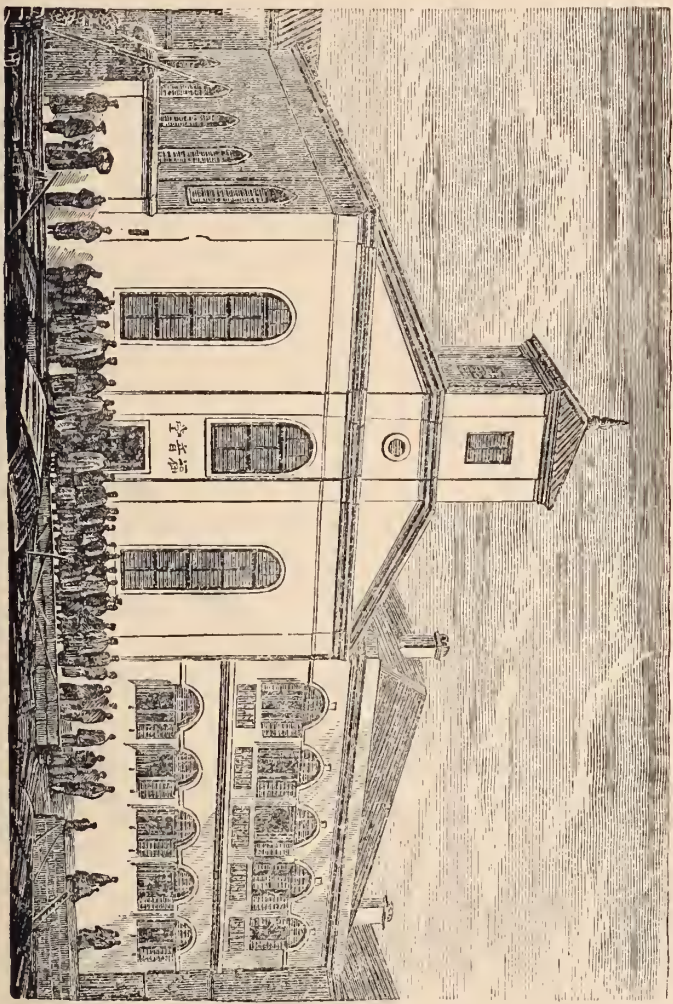
MISSIONARIES IN CANTON.—Of the London Mission there are the Rev. J. Chalmers, M. A. and Mrs. Chalmers.

Of the Wesleyan Mission the Rev. Messrs Piercy, Gibson Whitehead and their wives; and Rev. Messrs Sinigininex, Jackson and Friend, and Misses Radcliffe, Simpson, Rowe and Taylor.

The American Presbyterian Missionaries are Rev. A. P. Happer, D. D. Rev. B. C. Henry, J. F. Carrow M. D. and their wives, and Misses Noyes, Happer and Crouch.

The American Baptist Union has the Rev. R. H. Graves, M. D. Rev. E. Z. Simmons, Rev. N. B. Williams and their wives, and Miss L. Whilden. The Rhenish Mission has the Rev. F. Hübrig and Mrs. Hübrig.





PRESBYTERIAN MISSION CHAPEL, AT CANTON.



a dense suburb between. There is another large suburb on the South side of the river. The streets and buildings are finer than in most other Chinese cities.

During all our residence in China, we could never divine how it was that the school geography, we studied in childhood, represented "the Chinese selling rats and puppies for pies," but here was the solution. Almost the first thing we met was a market for puppies and kittens, and not far away were stalls perhaps the identical ones from which the picture had been made—and here hang the rats in bunches, so dried and mummy looking, that they might be the very ones which hung for their picture some thirty years ago, but that this food is said to make the hair grow upon bald heads, and is therefore likely to be in great demand. It was late in the day when we visited the saloon where dog meat is served up. We were, therefore unable to secure a puppy stew or dog cutlet!

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STATISTICS OF THE CANTON MISSIONS.

	Out Stations	Church Members	Pupils in Schools	Native Preachers	S. School Scholars
Rhenish	11	318	218	15	...
Eng. Meth.	3	137	290	7	9
Am. Bapt.	3	159	140	6	...
„ Presby.	4	250	113	10	90
TOTALS,	21	864	761	38	99

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FISH MARKET CANTON.

The vendor, who was in the act of washing up his dishes, assured us that he would have a supply on the morrow. We objected to the stall fed dog we saw tied up, saying "We never eat black dog's meat." He replied that he should keep that one till fatter. Not far away, we visited a tea garden or Chinese restaurant. The buildings were nearly new, a fine specimen of native architecture; the grounds were neatly laid out with walks, and ornamented with flowers, shrubs, and trees. Immense mirrors, with heavy gilt frames, reflected and multiplied the saloons and courts. The kitchen attached was large and scrupulously clean. All sorts of dishes, in various stages, were being prepared on tables arranged along the sides of the room, but nothing was seen to offend the eye of the most fastidious.

In the temple of The Five Hundred Gods are five hundred gilt effigies of those who have been deified. Some have received this honor for self torture, such as holding their hands or arms in a certain position, sitting or standing in one attitude till crippled. The images exhibit them in these various positions and attitudes.

Learning that women, adjudged worthy of death, were crucified, we felt some interest in visiting the execution ground to see the





A STREET IN CANTON.

crosses. This little spot, which in one year drank the blood of some sixty or seventy thousand, is in the midst of the city, about thirty feet wide and two hundred long. Forty persons had been beheaded a day or two before, and there were forty pools of clotted gore! Picking our way through them, we reached the further end, where, leaning against the wall, were three crosses, made of round poles, about three inches in diameter, and twelve feet long, the cross piece being at right angles, and four feet long. A new wedge had been introduced into the joint of one of them, and the large cracks at the lower end were filled with fresh sand. A little closer observation revealed the print of the rope in the wood, showing how tightly it had been drawn around the victim's feet or ankles. The neighbors told us a woman had been crucified a few days before, and her sufferings at length terminated by strangulation. Large earthen jars contained the skulls of those most recently executed, and heaps of ashes and half-burnt rags showed the spots where the clothes of the victims had been burnt. We never turned with more loathing and disgust from any spot.

In the temples visited, were multitudes zealously worshipping their idols. It is said there has been a great revival of idolatry,



and several hundred thousand dollars expended in rebuilding and repairing temples.

The shops for the sale of articles manufactured from precious stones, gold and silver, ivory, etc., are very numerous, and display goods of great variety and beauty.

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## V.

### HONGKONG AGAIN.

THIS island is nine miles long and four wide. It consists of a rugged volcanic ridge, running from east to west. There are six peaks from one thousand to nineteen hundred feet high. The harbour had long been known as safe and commodious, but was not much used till during the war, when foreign vessels anchored here in great number, and the settlement naturally sprung up on shore which took the name of Hongkong, "fragrant streams,"—the name applied by the natives to the locality, on account of the fine clear streams of water in the neighborhood. The city is, unfortunately, on the north side of the highest peak of the mountain, exposed to the cold blasts of winter, and sheltered from the cooling breezes of summer.

There is no occasion here for weary ascent of tower or hill to get a view of the city. As the enterprising shopkeeper exposes his goods upon shelves one above the other, so the people of Hongkong exhibit their pretty houses arranged in terraced rows along the hill-side. No point commands a better view of the city than the harbor. We anchored sometime in the night, and going on deck in the morning, found the island and city, like a pretty picture, spread out before us. The steamer was far enough from the shore for the eye to take in, at a glance, the city, with its houses rising in terraces one above another, and the mountain, towering far above and overshadowing all. We leaned over the rail, and stood a long time enjoying the beauty of the scene.

Opposite to Hongkong are low hills, with here and there a native village or foreign building in the valleys. Conspicuous is the jail, a fine well built stone structure, which might be advertised "to let," for since the prisoners bound their keepers and left them in prison, the authorities have ceased to send the culprits to such an out of the way and unsafe place. Perhaps this circumstance has led to the better system of outdoor manual labor. The convicts are seen at work in companies of twenty-five or fifty, breaking stones

for the roads or trundling them on wheelbarrows to their destination. They are usually chained together in pairs and well attended by armed police. Any attempt to escape, and a rifle ball would be sent whizzing after the runaway. They have plenty of healthful outdoor exercise, good food, and no doubt sleep well when their work is done. What better situation for men who have proved themselves unworthy of greater liberty?

The robberies committed in broad daylight, on the streets, have given Hongkong an unenviable notoriety. But great improvements have been made in the police force, and the morals of the (native) residents keep pace. It is an English colony, and the common-sense system inaugurated at home may, by and by, be extended to the less favored native residents in the colony. Some are slow in learning, that it is cheaper and easier to throw around the young, the restraints of a moral and religious education, than to take care of them when left to grow up in ignorance and the attendant immorality and vice.

The natives who come here bring their customs with them. Their wedding and funeral processions may be met in the streets, or seen crossing the country as in other parts of China.

The mourners, as elsewhere, burn mock paper money and make frequent prostrations



A FUNERAL PROCESSION.

with weeping and wailing. The bride is carried in the large sedan chair, with the band of music preceding, and the bridal presents following.

Standing on deck of a vessel in the harbor, directly before us, and near the water's edge, is the City Hall, one of the finest buildings in the east.

To the left are the Governor's residence and the Botanical Gardens. A little further on is the Cathedral, nearly hidden in the trees, and at a convenient distance, the Barracks. The sugar refinery, the distillery, Race-course and Cemetery are a mile or two away, in or near what is called the "Happy Valley."

But let us land and ascend some of these streets. Many of them consist of broad flights of stone steps directly up the mountain side. As we walk along our feet are as high as the roofs of the houses on the next street below.

The city is well lighted with gas, and is a pretty sight when seen from the harbor by night. From pure, never-failing mountain streams, water is brought into the city and through every street. It is easily carried all over the house, and is often seen in beautiful fountains playing among the trees or shrubbery.

Hongkong has been styled an overgrown Madeira. It is at any rate a beautiful place.





A WEDDING PROCESSION.

Carriage roads have been constructed in every direction, furnishing fine drives through the shady ravines or around the mountain side, commanding a view of the harbour, with its numerous vessels of every flag and rig.

The mountain, immediately behind the city is so steep as to seem to defy ascent, and the granite boulders look as if they would come tumbling down, crashing the houses in their track. Not long ago a portion of the rock got loose and slid down across the street, destroying both life and property.

The Missionary societies find ample fields, either among the natives on the island, or on the main-land, where some of them have many stations.

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MISSIONARIES IN HONGKONG.—Of the London Mission there are the Rev. E. J. Eitel, Ph. D., Rev. C. Edge, and their wives.

The English Church has the Rt., Rev. J. S. Burdon, D. D., and the Rev. A. B. Hutchinson, and their wives

Of the Society for the Promotion of Female Education in the East, there are Misses Oxlade and Johnstone, The Rev. Messrs. Lechler and Piton, and their wives, represent the Basel Mission in Hongkong.

STATISTICS OF THE HONGKONG MISSIONS.

	Out Stations	Church Members	Pup'ls in Schools	Native Preachers	S. School Scholars
Lond. Miss.	6	446	200	10	25
Basel.	16	953	332	22	...
Ch. Miss.	2	40	150	4	...
TOTALS.	24	1439	682	36	25

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HONGKONG HARBOR.

## VI.

### HONGKONG TO SINGAPORE.

THE steamer *Glaucus* was to leave early in the morning, so we went on board in the evening. It was a quiet starlight night, and the phosphorescent light made the water resemble liquid fire, as it was disturbed by the boat or dripped from the oars.

Our vessel is a new one making her first trip. Everything is neat and clean, and the officers and stewards are kind and accommodating. At seven in the morning she weighed anchor and began to move through the shipping—dipping her ensign as she passed the numerous vessels among which she wended her way, and receiving similar tokens of respect. Among others she passed close to an American man-of-war, and it was

pleasant to see the stars and stripes hauled down in compliment to the English merchant steamer. One could not help being sad at the thought that anything should occur to interrupt this good feeling.

Hongkong lay bathed in the morning light, as we took a last, lingering look. The steamer passed round to the North of the island, and out to sea on the West side, between the island and the main-land. Looking for the house, where we had been so hospitably entertained, handkerchiefs were seen waving from the verandah, showing we were not forgotten and that the steamer's departure had been watched. We were soon through the strait, and fairly out to sea.

On the evening of the fifth day, we saw the Singapore light, revolving and appearing above the horizon every few minutes.

We anchored for the night out side of the harbor.

Here we enter British India, and are glad to get a glimpse of Indian life.

As we look from the deck, the next morning, the harbor opens out revealing a good number of vessels and steamers, and various sorts of native craft including the Chinese junk. Beyond is the town, built along the water's edge, with a background of green trees and hills covered to their summit with the

deep foliage of jungle. Here and there a giant palm, crowned with a compact clump of leaves and branches, stretches its tall trunk high into the air. Upon the tops of these hills the merchants have their residences, the white walls or porticoes peering from among



SINGAPORE.

the deep dark green foliage. Looking down through the clear water, patches of coral may be seen, of various color and shape. We had

not reached the wharf before a couple of the Malay divers, so famous here, made their appearance.

They were nearly naked, propelling with small paddles a miniature boat or "dug out" formed from one piece of wood. By signs, and the liberal use of broken English, they intimated that, if we cast a piece of money into the water, they would dive for it. Their performances are really very wonderful; both plunging in at once, one over the other, with frog-like agility. They seem never to fail to bring up whatever is thrown, usually catching it before it has sunk far. But imagine our surprise when they said "Mister give more money, makee steamboat;" and no sooner said than done—by a skilful motion the boat was turned up side down, and both boys beneath it were vigorously slapping the bottom with their hands.

When not thus employed, they become interpreters for the vendors of coral and shells, of which several boatloads came round the steamer.

The island strikes you at once as a place of surpassing loveliness. The tropical forest extends to the very water's edge, "dipping its large leaves into the glassy sea;" or the coast line is broken by a brown rocky cliff nearly covered with foliage.



Little green islets are scattered, like gems upon the quiet waters. "Eternal summer gilds these shores," and the flowers never pass away; the blossom and mature fruit often appear side by side on the same tree, and the sweet perfume is borne, on the gentle land breeze, a mile or two out to sea.



The beautiful and quiet bays which indent the island, must have furnished safe harbours for the hordes of pirates, which formerly infested these waters. It is said that the entire population, of this and the surrounding islands, formerly gave themselves up to this

life, resorting to fishing only when, on account of the prevailing monsoon, it was impossible to follow the more lucrative business of piracy. Upon the principle that "dead men tell no tales," their victims were invariably put out of the way.

The Rev. Mr. Keasbury came with his carriage, and took us away to spend the day on shore. He lives on one of the hills, alluded to, about two miles from the business part of the town. The carriage roads are macadamized with red laterite, quite smooth and hard. Beyond the town they are usually lined with hedges, and skirt the beautiful grounds which surround the residences, or pass through jungle or cocoanut plantations. Mr. Keasbury has fourteen acres, with his residence on a hill in the centre. A carriage road winds around the hill to the stables in the rear. His land is planted with various kinds of tropical fruit trees, of which there are twenty or thirty varieties; some of those noticed and remembered are the cocoanut, nutmeg, cinnamon, coffee and bread fruit. Tapioca, sago, gutta percha, pepper and arrowroot are also cultivated or collected either in Singapore or the vicinity.

The houses are generally very high storied, with blinds and doors opening on wide verandahs running around the house; glass win-



dows are never used. It is a continual summer, so there is no need of windows to shut out the cold.

In the evening we went to the Botanical gardens, and felt more than ever the Eden-like beauty of the place. In a climate where vegetation so luxuriates, the gardener has a light task.

This fine public garden and park embraces about fifty acres, including one of those pretty hills. Here are roads, lawns, lakes, with swan sporting upon their surface, and every variety of tropical plants and flowers. And although it is the 12th. of March, the verdure and foliage has the richness of midsummer and none of the appearance of spring. On our way, we passed through Orchard road, which runs for about a mile in a straight line along a valley, between a series of little hills upon which residences are built. The road is lined with neatly trimmed green hedges, broken only here and there by the white portals of the private avenues leading to the residences.

Tropical trees planted on each side have grown up, and now their branches are interwoven overhead, forming a complete arch, "and giving the appearance of a beautiful vista extending its entire length."

## VII.

### SINGAPORE.

THIS island is twenty-five miles long by fourteen broad. It is covered with little round hills. Where one has been cut through for the road, bent and broken strata of laterite, were seen showing that they had been thrown up by some internal force. There are fine roads crossing the island in various directions, winding among these hills or across the mangrove swamps:—always through the jungle, except where the hand of man has cleared it away and keeps it clear. Nature is so prolific, that she soon crowds the ground with her works, if man does not with his. One accustomed to the temperate zones can hardly appreciate a description of the tangled,

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For much of the information concerning Singapore the author is indebted to a fellow passenger, Mr. Cameron, who has published a very interesting work on Her Majesty's Indian Possessions.

thick, tall forests of these jungles. There are, first, the tall trees standing close together, with trunks from two to six feet in diameter. Their smooth, straight stalks run up to an



IN THE JUNGLE.

immense height, without a branch. The tops are crowned with a tuft of thick, darkgreen leaves, so interlaced as to form a deep shade, beneath which spring up a great variety of

other trees. Winding and turning in every direction, are numerous species of ferns and vines. Of the latter, the rattan is most prominent, often seen in pieces three hundred feet long; while some of the parasites that entwine around these forest trees, are as large as a man's body.

Cocoanut plantations abound. The trees are



COCOANUT.

planted in straight rows across the field, and seen in all stages from the tender shoot, just springing from the shell, to the tall tree richly laden with fruit.

The pitcher plant, grows in these jungles, in as great luxuriance as anywhere. It is a parasite, perched upon the trees at various heights, always

containing about a quarter of a pint of pure, wholesome water. The monkeys, which abound here, are said to rely upon the pitcher plants for water.

There are several species of the monkey found on the island, of which not a few were brought to the wharf and offered for sale, at a price varying from one to two dollars, according to size, etc. The sailors took occasion



COCOANUT TREES.

to lay in a good stock for presents or speculation. The captain's nephew, a fine lad, invested all the money he had in a specimen, which did not care to emigrate from his beautiful island home. He seized the first good opportunity, got loose and ran away. Monkey meat used to be a favorite dish with



the Malays, but it is now deemed more profitable to bring them alive to the vessels and exchange them for Jack's silver.

They are often seen in the jungle, apparently in tribes. Sometimes they follow the traveler, jumping from branch to branch in the top of the tall trees, or thrusting out their little faces between the leaves, with queer grimaces, raising their eyebrows and puckering their mouths. In one part of the island they visited a corn-field in great numbers, always stationing three or four sentinels on the fence at convenient points. From whichever side danger approached, they were sure to scamper off in the opposite direction. The very young ones never attempted to run for themselves, but, clinging fast to the bodies of the older ones, were carried off on their backs.

Deer, wild hogs and tigers are also found here. The tigers are very numerous, though previous to 1835, they had never been seen. In that year a surveyor was laying out a road through the jungle, about four miles from town. When in the act of taking a sight through his theodolite, a crashing noise was heard in the bushes close at hand, and a large tiger leaped right into the midst of the party. Those standing near it sprung aside, and the theodolite received the monster. The surveying party fled to town, leaving the theodolite



overturned and in fragments. It is believed that, face to face, the tiger will not attack a human being. The natives say, if you tell the tiger he can get plenty of food in the jungle, he will leave you. There is a story of an old Malay who was one night returning from town through the jungle, with his little son, seven or eight years old, slung to his back. When he had reached a place where the road passed through the thickest of the jungle, on lifting his eyes he saw a tiger crouching down right in front of him, just ready to spring. He immediately commenced to argue with the monster, keeping his eye upon him at the same time, and moving slowly backward till he reached a tree, which he told his son to climb. The tiger had followed, step by step, as he retreated. The old man now drew his knife, and, still talking to him, commenced an advance, the tiger beating a retreat; this continued for about fifty yards, when the tiger turned and ran away. Unfortunately few get so good a chance to face the tiger and argue their case with him. The origin of tigers on the island is a question that had often puzzled naturalists. At last one was caught in a fishing net, while swimming across from the main land. This has led to the supposition that they came from the peninsula.

Formerly, they were scarcely known, but they have now so increased as to be the terror of the natives. Those best informed, believe that, on an average, one man each day falls a victim to their ferocity. The mangled corpses recovered during the year, are indisputable proof of at least forty cases. Eighty additional ones were reported to the police where the bodies could not be found. While this is only about a third of the number, yet it must be considered that the victims are mostly Chinamen, living usually not less than nine miles from town, and they know by sad experience that a tiger, having once seized his prey, never leaves it till life is extinct, and that all time and money spent in reporting the case to the police is a useless waste. Besides, it is well-known that the Chinese are averse to any dismemberment of the human body, and, rather than face such a dreadful sight, there is no doubt that many a poor Chinaman is carried off by tigers, for whom no search is ever made, or if found he is quietly interred near the spot. The most exposed are the half-hired and half-purchased coolies, working plantations far away in the jungle. It is for the interest of the planter that his place should have a good reputation for safety as well as good treatment; for he has occasionally to replace

those carried off, and those whose term of service has expired. If, therefore, a laborer is carried off, the proprietor would be likely to ignore or conceal the fact. Suspecting something of the kind, official examination was made, and although at first, it seemed that scarcely a single pepper plantation had lost a man, yet it was afterwards ascertained that concealment had been systematically practised, and of the little graves around each homestead, nearly one half were filled with the remains of those killed by tigers.

The tiger has but one way of taking his prey. He invariably watches his victim till the back is turned, then, creeping to within seven or eight yards, he gives a fierce and well-directed bound forward, and with one blow of his muscular paw, strikes the man to the earth, dead! In an instant the tiger seizes the body by the neck, and tossing it across his back, bounds away into the jungle. However horrible the death may seem, there is some comfort in thinking that the poor fellow loses all consciousness, and very likely every spark of life with the first fell stroke that knocks him down. In almost every body recovered, the back of the skull was found fractured, or the neck broken.

Carrol, an old American backwoodsman, who has had more success than any one else

in hunting them, gives the following facts concerning their habits:—"The tigress brings forth from two to five cubs, in the loneliest part of the thicket, taking every precaution to hide them from the tiger father who immediately devours every little tiger he can find. Seven-tenths are probably thus destroyed."

When persons are killed by tigers, but little can ever be known, except what is revealed by the mangled corpse, found in the jungle. And these are horrible sights. Sometimes but little of the body is left; again, only an arm, a foot, or the head is gone. Sometimes there is no mark except a wound in the throat, from which the blood has been sucked; or the breast has been torn open and the heart and lungs devoured. In most cases the thighs have been eaten to the bone, even where the flesh above and below was left untouched.



## VIII.

### SINGAPORE—POPULATION, ETC.

THE population of this place is about ninety thousand, nearly half being Malays, who are said to have taken possession of the island in the thirteenth century. The aborigines are now scattered over the peninsula and adjacent islands, reminding one much of the condition of the American Indians. There may be seven or eight thousand of them. They give very singular accounts of their origin. The following is likely to interest the disciples of Darwin.

“Among one tribe it is stated with all gravity, that they are descended from two white apes, who, having reared their young ones, sent them into the plains, where the greater number perfected so well that they

became men; those who did not become men returned once more to the mountains, and still continue apes."

Another account is, that God, having called into existence a being of great strength and beauty, named him Batin. God, desirous that a form so fair should be perpetuated, gave Batin a companion, and sent them forth to dwell in the earth. Charmed with its beauties, they took up their abode in the island of Singapore, increasing and multiplying with a rapidity and to a degree now unknown. From these two all the tribes have descended.

Another tribe gives the following account. "The ground," say they, "is not solid. It is merely the skin of the earth. In ancient times God broke up this crust so that the earth was overwhelmed with water, and destroyed. After this, God caused the mountains to rise, and sent forth to float upon the water a vessel closed up tightly, containing a man and woman that he had made. The vessel having floated to dry land, the man and woman nibbled a hole and came forth. At first, however, everything was obscure. There was neither morning nor evening, because the sun had not yet been made. By and by the woman became pregnant, not, however, in her womb but in the calves of



her legs. From the right leg she brought forth a male child, and from the left leg a female. Hence it is that the issue of the same womb cannot intermarry. All mankind are the descendants of the children of this first pair."

A somewhat similar account is given by another tribe: "They say their fathers originally came from heaven, in a large and magnificent ship built by God, and set floating on the waters of the earth. The ship, sailing round and round the earth, at last grounded upon one of the mountains of the peninsula, where they declare it may still be seen. Their fathers disembarked and abode upon the mountains, plains and coasts, all under one chief."

The marriage ceremony is simple, and "the new-made acquaintance of the morning is often the bride of the evening. It is more a matter of arrangement with the parents than courtship with the daughter; the form generally observed, reminds one of the old tale of Hippomenes and Atlanta. If the tribe is on the bank of a lake or stream, the damsel is given a canoe and a double-bladed paddle, and allowed a start of some distance; her lover, similarly equipped, starts off in chase. If he succeed in overtaking her, she becomes his wife; if not, the match is broken off."

The arrangements having been so far completed, it is seldom that objections are made at the last moment, and the chase is generally a short and successful one. Though the maiden's arm may be strong, her heart is warm, and she soon becomes a willing captive. If there is no body of water at hand, a circle is formed and the maiden, stripped of all but a waistband, is given a fair start. If she runs round three times before her lover overtakes her, she remains a virgin. But it is said that however far they start in advance, or however fleet of foot, "but few outstrip their lovers."

## IX.

### NATIVE TRIBES OF SINGAPORE.

THESE tribes, like the American Indians, lead a wandering life, never bestowing much attention upon the dwelling, so soon to be left for another, many miles away. Their huts are usually built upon posts, seven or eight feet high, and covered with bark or leaves. Sometimes they perch their huts, like nests in the trees, twenty-five or thirty

feet from the ground. They are reached by means of ladders, up which old men, women,



A HOUSE IN A TREE.

children and even dogs learn to climb with ease. Confident in the resources of the forests and streams, these people lay up no

stores, and their huts contain little or no furniture. They are simple and kind; and like the American aborigines, are grateful for a kind act or word. Contented and happy in their present condition, they do not seek to improve it. If any altercation arises, the party aggrieved withdraws to another hunting ground, till the offender seeks reconciliation; and these separations often become permanent.

The account they give of their origin goes to show that they believe in God. They also believe in the immortality of the soul, though their notions seem neither clear nor well defined, and their religion is strangely mixed up with demonology. They believe that a good and bad spirit accompany every man through life, and they seem more anxious to conciliate the bad than to cultivate the acquaintance of the good. Like too many others, they seldom pray to God except when at the point of death.

They bury their dead erect or in a sitting posture, placing beside the body, food and weapons, which seems to indicate a belief in the resurrection. The Rev. Mr. Borie contributes the following as their views of the end of the world:

\* \* \* "A great wind will arise accompanied by rain, lightning will fill the space

all around, and the mountains will sink; to this will succeed a great heat; there will be no more night, and the earth will wither like the grass in the field. God will then come down surrounded by a whirlwind of flame ready to consume the universe. He will assemble the souls of the sinners and, burning them for the first time, sift their ashes through a fine linen cloth. Those who pass through the flames without being purified are burnt and sifted again and again for seven times in succession. All those souls thus purified go to the enjoyments of heaven. The souls of very great sinners, homicides and those guilty of rape, which can not be purified, are cast into hell to suffer the torment of flames with devils. . . . . Lastly, God having taken a light from hell, will close the portals and set fire to the earth."

In their domestic relationship they are frank and faithful. Each hamlet, consisting of twenty or thirty of their huts raised upon posts, is generally occupied by those related by birth or marriage.

The trees of the same grove shelter the houses of the living and the graves of the dead, about which the little naked children are often seen playing fearlessly. Around the decaying head post of an old grave garlands of fresh, fragrant flowers are sometimes

placed showing that the dead are not forgotten.

The Malays, as a race, are short, well proportioned, generally having honest, open countenances. They are copper colored, with dark brown or black eyes and a bold, though not impudent expression. The women are generally fairer than the men, with soft, lustrous eyes and long, drooping lashes. Their lips are full, and when parted disclose a beautiful set of teeth. They wear the hair combed back and fastened in a knot behind. The majority, of the young at least, are good looking.

The uniform dress of the men, consists of a white jacket, short, gay colored trousers and a sort of petticoat gathered round the waist and reaching to the knees, and a colored handkerchief tied around the head.

The garb of the women is even more simple. It consists of a sort of petticoat fastened under the arms and over the breasts of the young, and round the waists of the full grown, reaching a little below the ankle. Over the shoulders is worn a loose flowing robe, open in front and reaching nearly to the ground.

A little removed from one of the streets we saw a Hindu temple. The state of repair does not speak much for their devotion to the false religion.





HINDU TEMPLE.

## X.

### SINGAPORE TO PENANG AND CEYLON.

ON Tuesday, the 12th of March, at four o'clock, the steamer cast off her moorings and left the wharf. Her course lay among a thick cluster of small islands and through the straits of Malacca to Penang. Nothing could exceed the luxuriance and tropical beauty, that everywhere met the eye, as we sailed among these islands. The next day we were in the straits, with Malacca and Siam on the right and Sumatra on the left. Thursday morning about ten o'clock, we anchored off Penang. Here the steamer stopped to receive cargo and more passengers, while those on board availed themselves of the opportunity to take a run on shore and see something of the island. The inhabitants, products, climate, etc., much resemble Singapore.

It is intimately connected with other English possessions on the main land, and is separated by a narrow strait only two or three miles wide.

On landing we were besieged by the hack drivers to ride to the cascades. From the summit of the mountain, back of the town, you may get a good view, including the whole island, the town and the shipping in the harbor, and the sea on both sides. But we contented ourselves with a visit to some of the schools, libraries, etc., and having bought a few *curios* went on board again. The Chinese, which we have seen in every place, thronging the streets and taking a large share of the business, are also numerous here.

The houses are substantial brick buildings, two storys high, and on the business streets a verandah extends over the side walk, as in Singapore, protecting from the rain and sun. After dinner, we sat down on deck, under the awning, and looked across the narrow strait, at the shores of Province Wellesley, on the main land, two or three miles distant. Large sugar plantations and sugar mills have been established there by Europeans. First class machinery, run by steam, is employed in crushing the sugar cane and in doing other parts of the work. Singapore, Penang and Province Wellesley are usually called the

"Straits Settlements." They are Provinces of England, and though the government is in the hands of Englishmen, yet natives occupy various official positions. England has conferred upon these poor ignorant natives great blessings, such as schools, roads, trade and, in short, a good and reliable government. But in turn she has reaped a rich harvest. She has, in a degree, monopolized the trade, bringing these tropical products to her own shores, whence they have been distributed throughout the world. She also finds here employment for thousands of her sons, as merchants, officers, etc.

What a pity all these Asiatic nations and tribes could not have a good government established over them at once, and thus put an end to such misrule and oppression, as exists in every pagan country while governed by avaricious, unprincipled heathen!

But while musing upon these political questions, the anchor has come up and the steamer moved away through the shipping, and out into the straits. We left Penang at seven o'clock, Thursday evening, taking our way due west, across the Indian ocean.—

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,  
And a health to the Homeward Bound!"

We had very beautiful moonlight nights, a smooth sea, and fine weather; the officers were

accommodating, the passengers agreeable, and all seemed to enjoy themselves. On Tuesday, according to the captain's expectation, soon after breakfast, the coast of Ceylon appeared in sight, seen but dimly in the distance. Though it was only four days since we had seen land, yet all eyes were strained in that direction, while every moment it seemed to rise from the water and approach us. All day we steamed along the southern coast, watching the varying appearance of the country inland, and close enough to see quite distinctly objects near the shore.

In the distance are hills and mountains, while nearer, the coast is level or but slightly undulating. About six o'clock in the afternoon, we passed Point de Galle, near enough to see the shipping in the harbor, the buildings on shore, and communicate the name of our steamer, which was at once telegraphed to London, as so far on her journey.

Point de Galle is at the southern extremity of the island, and the most frequented port. The harbor is surrounded by high rocks, over which the surf breaks making it difficult to land, especially in stormy weather. In the background are beautiful groves of cocoanut trees, and beyond, and towering above all, is a mountain about six thousand feet high.

The island of Ceylon is situated between five and ten degrees north latitude ; it is more than two hundred miles long and about one hundred wide. It has rich pearl fisheries, and produces various and delicious tropical fruits. The graceful cocoanut tree, which springs up where there is scarcely earth enough to cover the shell, adorns the landscape in every direction.

The cocoanut tree is to the inhabitants of Ceylon what bamboo is to the Chinese. The green fruit furnishes a cooling and delicious beverage, the ripened nut, food, the shell, fuel, the fibres are woven into coir or ropes, and from the old fruit, pure oil is extracted ; the leaves form a shelter from the sun and rain, the trunk yields a juice from which spirit is distilled or sugar manufactured, and the beautiful, variegated wood is used in making furniture.





## XI.

### THE CINGALESE.

THERE are various opinions as to the origin of the inhabitants of Ceylon. The following is the most commonly received. It is well known that the Chinese, from a remote period, were masters of oriental commerce; and it is supposed that some of their vessels were driven upon the coast of Ceylon; the mariners and passengers, finding the island fertile, soon established themselves upon it. Shortly after, the Malabars, having discovered it, sent thither their exiles which they called Galas. The exiles and Chinese soon mixed and were called Chingalese or Cingalese. There are also upon the island distinct tribes called Veddahs, resembling the American Indians, who are probably the aborigines. The worship of ancestors among the Cingalese

is one evidence of their Chinese origin. Bishop Heber might well say of the island,—

“Every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile.”

Nature has bestowed her choicest gifts with a most liberal hand. In addition to the luxuriant vegetation and great variety of tropical fruits, there are many precious stones. The ruby, emerald, sapphire, onyx, amethyst, opal, jacinth and topaz are all found in this beautiful island.

The Buddhists consider Ceylon a sacred island, and have deposited here their most precious relic, Buddha's tooth. Buddhists believe that, the nation possessing it can never be conquered. The English captured and held it from 1818 till 1847, when the home government ordered it to be returned to the priests. This relic is placed in the principal temple in Kandy in a room about twelve feet square, and without windows. The walls and ceiling are hung with gold brocade, and white shawls with colored borders.

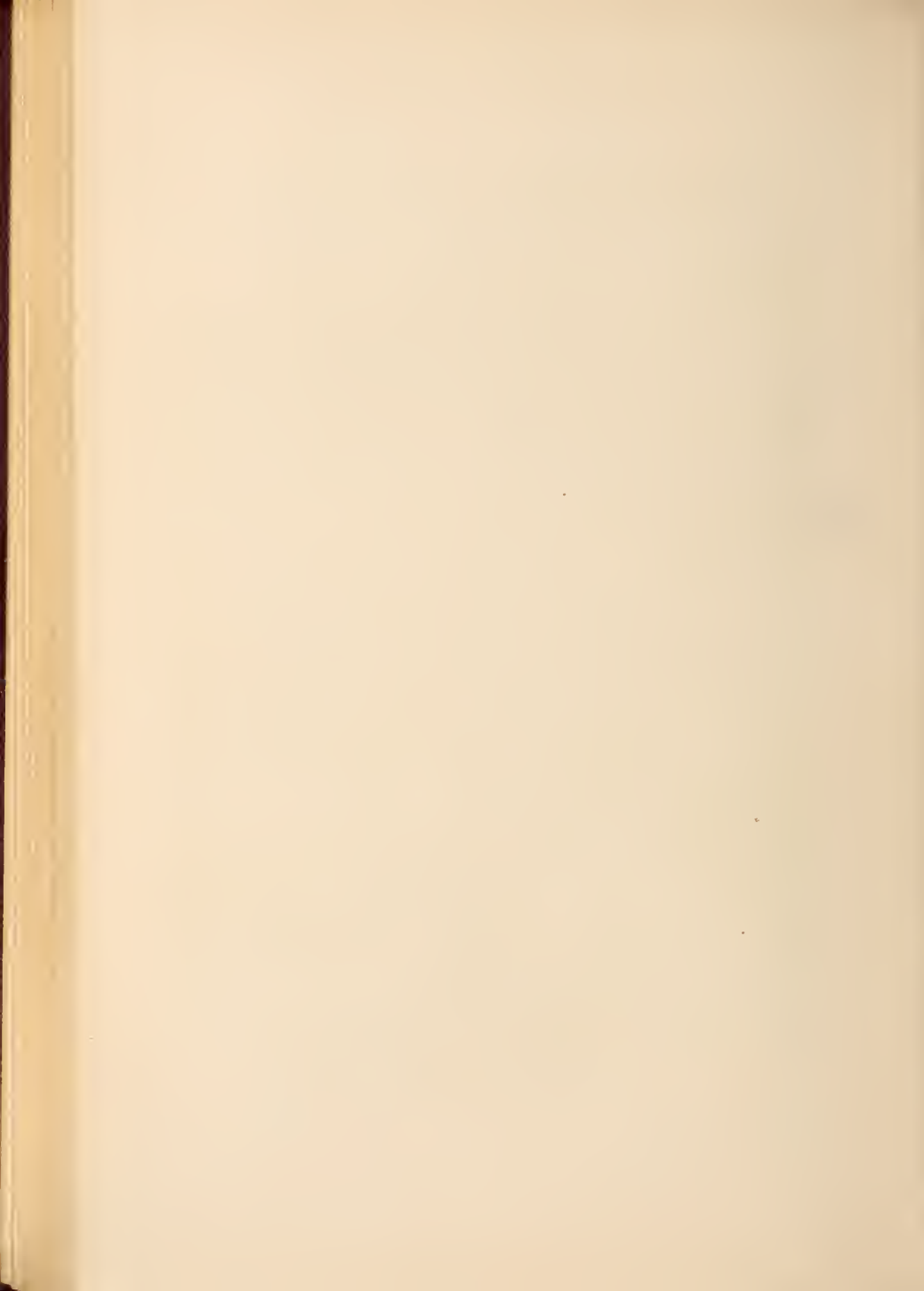
A table covered with gold brocade occupies the principal part of the room. On this shrine are placed two small images of Buddha, one of gold, the other of crystal. Four caskets, containing other relics, occupy the four corners, in the center is the casket containing the sacred tooth. This casket is bell

shaped, made of silver, heavily plated with gold; it is about five feet high and nine feet in diameter at the bottom. Various ornaments and charms of the richest description are suspended about it. Europeans who have seen it affirm that this tooth is artificial, made of ivory and discolored by time. If a natural tooth, it is evident, both from its size and shape, that it could never have been carried in the jaw of a human being. It is wrapped in a sheet of virgin gold, and placed in a box of the same material, just large enough to receive it. The outside of the box is studded with precious stones. This box is placed in a golden vase decorated with diamonds, emeralds and rubies, wrapped in rich brocade and enclosed in a second vase of gold. This is enclosed in a third, which is put into a fourth. The last vase is nearly eighteen inches high, and exquisitely wrought. It is taken from the casket only at stated periods, to be worshiped. The picture, on the opposite page, represents one of these scenes. The casket, containing the sacred tooth, is on the back of the elephant just coming through the door. As soon as this elephant is seen, the people make the other elephants kneel, while they rend the air with their shouts of praise.

The king of Siam once sent a number of



WORSHIPPING BUDDHA'S TOOTH.



priests with a jar of otto of roses, to be consecrated by contact with the tooth. The mission was returning, disconsolate, having spent about \$25,000 in presents and bribes in a vain endeavor to obtain a sight of the relic.

At this juncture they met a man called Bandah, who had once been a convict, but was now free. His linguistic abilities gave him access to the governor, and he represented to that functionary the impositions that had been practised upon the king of Siam's holy mission. The governor, who was a good friend of Bandah's, appreciated the hardships of the poor priests, and promised that they should see the tooth.

The councillor, who kept the keys, was just then absent but Bandah was allowed to go to his wife, with the governor's compliments, and ask for the key. The key was brought and the Kandy priests notified that they must be present. On the third day the great mosque was opened. Bandah and the Siamese priests were on one side and the Kandy priests on the other, while the governor and recorder occupied the centre. The Siamese wished a bit of cotton, dipped in the otto of roses, to be rubbed on the tooth and placed in the jar, to consecrate the whole. To this the Kandy priests objected. The governor enquired as to the cause of the altercation.



Bandah, resolved to gratify the Siamese, and suiting the action to the word said "This is what they want, your honor; they want to take this small piece of cotton, so; and having dipped it in this oil, so, they wish to rub it on this here sacred tooth, so, and then to return it to the jar of oil, so,—there by to consecrate the whole your honor."

The ceremony had thus been performed, in giving the explanation. It was but the work of a moment and no one had time to interfere. While the Kandy priests made noisy protests, the Siamese took, from Bandah's hands, the consecrated jar with every demonstration of gratitude.

## XII.

### DEATH AT SEA.

ON the fourth day after we lost sight of Ceylon, Death spread a shade of gloom over the vessel. The second officer came hurrying into the cabin and whispered, "Don't frighten the ladies, but one of the men has been shot, and is dying!" The first thought was, there has been a fight—perhaps mutiny. Running forward we found a group gathered around the dying man, who was just drawing his last breath.

It appears that the carpenter was cleaning the captain's revolver; he had never found it loaded before, and now began working the lock and snapping it. The very first stroke of the hammer and a ball, whizzing from the muzzle struck a fireman, standing near. He staggered a few steps to where a passenger was reclining on a chair, and asking for it, threw himself prostrate on his face and never spoke again. In a few minutes he had ceased to breathe.

The bath room was turned into a dissecting room, and the doctor spent much of the night vainly seeking the ball. Early the next morning it was found lodged in the back bone, having passed nearly through the body.

The captain always had religious services on Sunday morning—conducting them himself, if there was no minister among his passengers. This morning the funeral service was to precede the other exercises, and we were asked to read the English church burial service, adapting it to the occasion. When the officers and men had been mustered and reviewed, as was customary on Sunday morning, the corpse, wrapped in its canvas coffin, was borne solemnly and gently to the bulwarks, and laid upon a plank the end of which projected through the open port. The ship's

flag was laid over the corpse and the sailors, clean and tidy with hat in hand, gathered on one side, and the officers and passengers on the other. At a signal from the captain, the engines stopped, and the steamer lay quiet in mid ocean. We were so accustomed to the motion of the machinery that we felt a strange sensation of rest and quiet. The silence was broken by those mournful, hopeful words of the ritual. Every one listened respectfully and attentively as the reading proceeded. At the words "We commit his body to the deep," two of his companions held the corners of the flag while two others raised the end of the plank,—there was a splash, and the waves closed over a human form, which sank into the depths of the ocean. After the benediction, the little group separated, and the steamer moved on.

The next day his effects were sold at auction. He had some money in gold upon his person when he died, and more owed him by his companions who had borrowed from him. His wardrobe brought but a trifle, but he had about twenty canary and other birds, he was carrying home to sell, hoping to realize something for the support of an aged mother. These were sold at a good price.

Three days later we saw islands off the Arabian coast and the same evening passed

cape Guardafui. On the twenty-seventh of March, the African coast was in sight all day. About noon on the twenty-eighth, we passed Aden.\* In the evening we entered the Red sea. The entrance, called the straits of Babel-Mandeb, is but about a mile and a quarter wide, with rocky highlands on each side. On the left is the island of Perim with a revolving light, attaining its greatest brilliancy once a minute. Some years ago the French emperor sent out a fleet, round the cape of Good Hope, to take possession of this gate to the Red sea. While stopping at Aden, the French admiral was entertained by the governor and a gunboat dispatched to hoist the British flag on the island of Perim. When the French admiral arrived a few days later, he discovered, to his chagrin, how he had been outwitted. The English flag waves there to-day, and is likely to, as long as England has so much interest in the East.

The Red sea has not till lately been a great highway for commerce, and is very dangerous and insufficiently lighted. But this obstacle must soon be remedied, now that the Suez canal makes it one of the greatest commercial thoroughfares in the world.

The first point of interest in the Red sea

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\* Aden is simply a fortification, built on a high, volcanic and entirely barren promontory.

is Mocha, a port in Arabia, from which the finest coffee is exported. By day the minarets of the mosques may be seen. We passed it by night and sat up, an hour later than usual, to see its lights, but saw them not. About half way up the Red sea we passed the port of Djiddah. Here the pilgrims to Mecca land, and at this season of the year some of the steamers make a profitable business carrying them.

A few miles from the shore, in the midst of a little grove, are the Wells of Moses, surrounded by palm trees, the only green thing seen on either shore during the whole day.

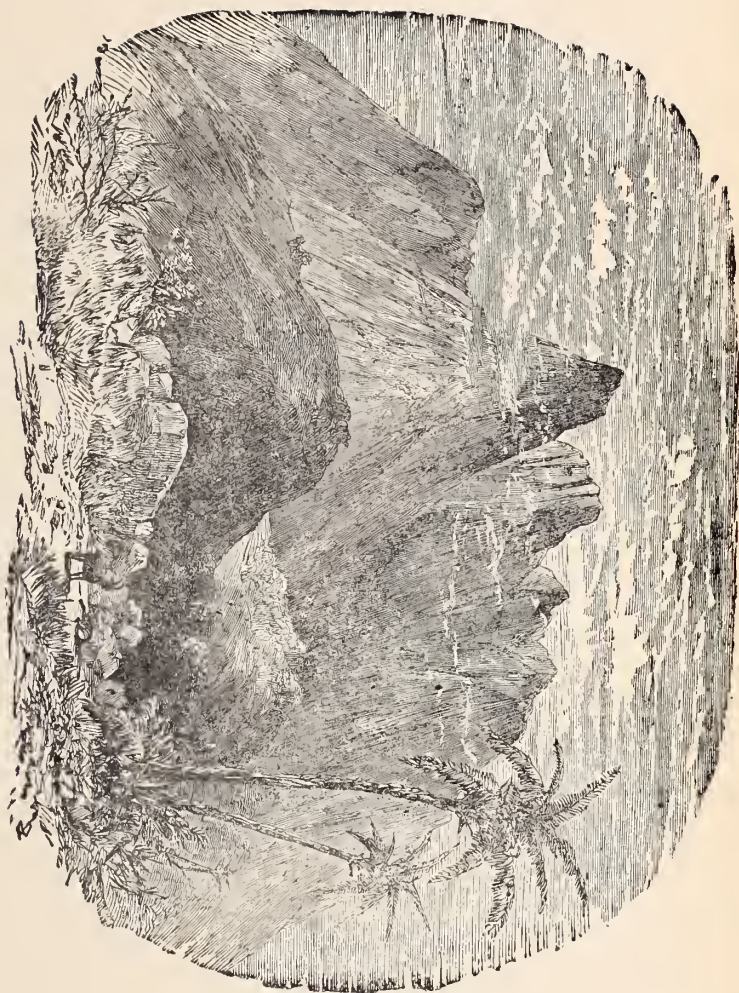
The mountain range known as Horeb or Sinai is in sight all day, and we watched it with deep interest, wondering if the highest jagged peak is really Sinai. This coast range occasionally hiding it from our view, "had witnessed its bald peak covered with the black masses of cloud on fire with the lightning's flash, and had trembled under the same voice which had shaken it as with an earthquake. The pillar of cloud had rested on some of these very peaks whose towering heads I now behold. God had taken of their granite the tables of stone on which his finger wrote the words that were to give in themselves the unquestioned proof of their divine origin." \*

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\* Rev. E. B. Hendrix, in "*Around the World.*"



MOUNT HOREB.







The rocky cliffs rise abruptly upon each side of the narrow sea, as barren as ever rock was seen. Not a tree, nor shrub, not a blade of grass, nor sign of life. The rocks on the Egyptian side are red, resembling red sandstone. Near Suez we passed the place where it is said Moses led the Israelites across the Red sea. This may not be the exact spot, but the surroundings favor the idea. On the Egyptian side are the mountains, that rose high on the right and left, while the sea rolled before them, when the Lord bade Moses speak unto the Children of Israel that they go forward. The sea is about twenty miles wide, affording a plenty of room to gather Pharaoh's host for destruction; and upon the Arabian shore Miriam led the song,—“I will sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.” In passing these spots one can hardly help being drawn to him who has wrought such deliverances for his people. Standing upon the deck we look off on the Arabian desert in the direction the Israelites must have taken. What an ocean of sand! It is drifted in little ridges resembling the wavy surface of the sea, and as free from vegetation.

It must have required faith, in the leader and the led, when those multitudes went forth into this barren desert, not knowing the

source of their supplies, to believe that God would provide.

Travelers often follow their track on camels; and the route is quite practicable for those who have several months to spare for Palestine. The necessary equipage of tents, furniture, etc., even for a small party, forms quite a caravan.

Suez is built upon a barren Sandy plain, a most lonely and uninviting place, where it never rains and there is scarcely a sign of vegetation.

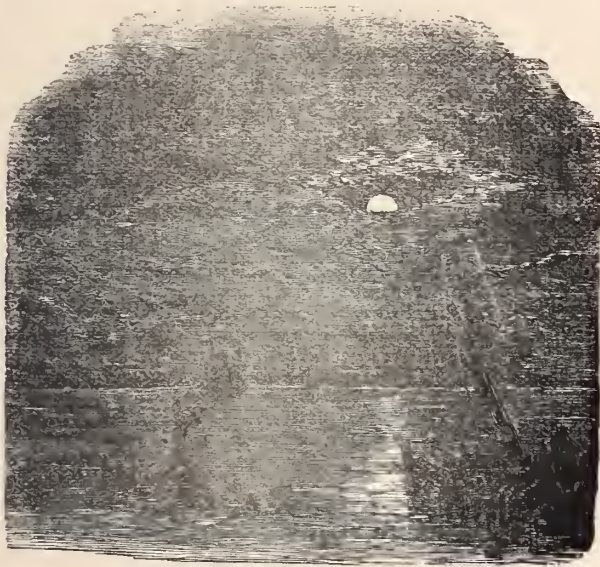
We had taken tickets to Suez, intending to go by railroad through Cairo to Alexandria. But the captain invited us to go on as far as Ismalia, half way through the canal, and see this wonder of human skill and enterprise. It is one hundred miles long, and the surface of the water about as many feet broad, though the tops of the banks are much wider. The depth is sufficient for vessels drawing twenty-two feet. The banks are composed of mud or sand, only in a few places faced with stone. There are steamers in sight in both directions nearly all the time. One just ahead of us got across the canal and a-ground. This made it necessary for us to stop, put out hawsers and make fast fore and aft. While under weigh, the vessel steers readily, but the moment you stop, she swings



A CARAVAN.



round, first one end touches, then the other on the opposite side, and she sticks fast, square across the canal. A small tug kept on the canal for the purpose, came up, pulled off the steamer ahead of us, and all steamed along again at half speed, the fastest rate allowed on the canal.



NIGHT ON THE CANAL.

Suez on the Red sea and Port Said on the Mediterranean are at the extremities of the canal, and Ismalia is a thriving village near



the middle. We have Arabia on our right, and Egypt on our left, and a barren desert in every direction as far as the eye can reach.

In some places there are a few scattering shrubs, one or two feet high—then seas of barren sands without a sign of vegetation. There is not a village or house in sight except the guard houses, on the banks of the canal. Now and then you see a man leading or riding a camel or donkey and this is the only sign of life.

Pliny tells us that the ancients constructed a canal along this very route one hundred feet wide and connecting these seas. It was open in the days of Alexander, but after the decline of the Roman Empire, fell into disuse, and drifted full of sand. Though the Suez canal is a great work and far reaching in its effects, yet the tunnel through Mount Cenis, or the railroad over the Rocky mountains, strikes you as a far more stupendous undertaking.



### XIII.

#### ISMAILIA TO CAIRO.

At Ismailia there is a little lake or bay where the steamers usually anchor for the night. The sun was just going down behind the Arabian hills, sending us his last flickering rays across the sandy plain, as our anchor dropped and the noble steamer swung round broad side to the Egyptian shore, more than a mile away. We had been on board the *Glaucus* thirty days. The time had passed so pleasantly that we left the agreeable circle with reluctance. The captain kindly lent a boat, and as the shades of evening were deepening we landed upon the shores of Egypt.

A number of natives in various styles of costume, and some without any costume whatever, immediately came around begging

us to use their donkeys, or at least to allow them the pleasure of carrying our baggage. Fearing if we employed one we might offend another, and unable to divide the luggage so as to give each a share, we were in a dilemma. From this, our first difficulty, a dragoman kindly offered to relieve us. Not knowing what else to do, we allowed him to take charge. He guided us to the hotel Paignon and directed our baggage to follow. What a cavalcade is marching up that sandy street! The guide leads off with little Katie in his arms, and the rest of us follow in order. Then come a line of natives, each with a trunk, carpet-bag, or some other parcel on his shoulder.

The Hotel Paignon is a large, first class house, overlooking the village and harbor. We were soon pleasantly settled in our rooms, and passed a comfortable night. At breakfast the landlord gave us some of the famous Mocha coffee, of which he seemed quite proud, and it was really delicious. The train for Cairo left at eleven, so we spent the morning looking about the village. The palatial residence of the Pasha and the hotel are the only fine buildings in the place. It is as yet but a small village of one storied houses used as shops and dwellings for the poor. We meet peddlers and countrymen crying their goods,

carried upon the backs of donkeys. In the centre of the town there is a public garden with a variety of plants, flourishing and growing with great luxuriance, though a few years ago this region was a barren waste.

Just before eleven we started for the station under the guidance of our dragoman of the night before. The baggage was weighed and an Arab clerk with a reed style, made out in strange characters a receipt which answered the purpose of a check. Paying him, also the dragoman, baggage bearers and every body else who had touched it, we bought our tickets and took seats in the cars.

The road from Ismailia to Cairo lies through the land of Goshen, now, as in the days of Joseph a rich plain, owing its fertility to the waters of the Nile. Wherever this water is thrown upon the arid, sandy desert, it "blossoms as the rose." Fifty miles from Ismailia, at a town called Zagazig, we cross the new railroad from Alexandria to Suez. Zagazig is a thriving place with several steam cotton mills. The machinery has been introduced from England, and is run by English capital.

The country reminds us of China. The fields interspersed with groves and villages and intersected by canals and narrow paths, huts built of sun-dried bricks with thatched

roofs—donkeys and camels wending their way along the narrow paths—a donkey and cow yoked together drawing the plow,—the mode of irrigation, the long, narrow beds, ditches and canals instead of fences, all resemble China.

The passengers in the cars are of various nationalities; Turks, Arabs, Greeks, Egyptians, etc. The men wear a felt skull cap, called a fez and fitting close to the head. It has no brim, but a blue silk tassel hangs from the apex to a little below the bottom. At the numerous stations our fellow passengers bought hard boiled eggs, cakes, sugar-cane, and a bitter vegetable resembling lettuce. The latter they ate with great relish, giving us a portion, though we could not swallow a particle, it was so bitter. The sugar-cane they chewed, swallowing the sweet juice and throwing the refuse over the floor. In this we joined them. There are first, second and third class cars on the same train. They made long stops at the stations, and the speed was not great when in motion. At about six o'clock we reached the city of Cairo.

Our baggage was taken upon a low wagon, drawn by a donkey, to the Hotel du Nil. After our long ride in the cars we enjoyed a walk to the hotel, though there were many fine carriages placed at our disposal by polite

dragomans and accommodating drivers. There were also numerous donkeys urged upon us with the highest recommendations. We might have sat astride of "General Grant," bobbed along on "Tom Thumb," or galloped away on "Yankee Doodle." We however refused all their kind offers, preferring to stretch the tired limbs, cramped up in the cars for the last seven hours, and walked away, leaving the dragomans, drivers and little fellows with their donkeys, much disappointed.

The Nile flows past the station and crowds of camels and donkeys, laden with stone, timber, etc. are crossing the bridge with us. The broad streets are lined with palm and sycamore trees, and beautiful carriages drawn by fine horses are driving past. Not far away, in the centre of the town, is a magnificent park inclosed with a high iron fence. A small admission fee helps to keep the place in order as well as to keep out the rabble. In one part a band is playing and a crowd is gathered to listen. Here and there scattered through the beautiful grounds are groups of various nationalities, moving along the walks, standing or sitting according to taste or inclination. Upon one side is a grotto from which a stream of clear water flows, and conducted by a narrow canal winds through the grounds.



The canal is crossed by ornamental bridges and every few inches on each side, close to the water's edge, there is a gas jet, with a white porcelain shade. Upon the surface of a little pond in the middle, swan and other birds sport. Tree-shaped lamp posts are scattered through the grounds in great profusion. Each branch terminates with a gas jet within a shade, shaped and colored to resemble a tulip or some other flower. The tents and bowers, the bands of music and rich and varied costumes give the place the air of fairy land.

## XIV.

### CAIRO.—MOSQUES AND PYRAMIDS.

On the public square, in the vicinity of the park are the opera, circus, and other fine buildings. They are all built after European models. A few steps further and you find yourself in what is called Old Cairo. The streets are narrow and crooked. Each story projects a few feet beyond the one below, till, when the buildings are three or four stories high, neighbors standing at the upper windows, may shake hands across the street. The lower story is divided into small rooms or stalls about eight feet square, filled with

goods of every description. Gay silks, shawls, handkerchiefs and gaudy prints are exposed in some shops; while others are used for the sale or manufacture of pipes, shoes, clothes, etc.

The entrance to the Hotel du Nil is from one of these narrow streets, through a low archway by no means prepossessing. But the moment you are inside, the change is so great you seem to have entered enchanted grounds. The rooms of the hotel front on three sides of an extensive garden of palms, and other tropical trees, with flowering shrubs, graveled walks and beautiful fountains. In the centre is a sort of pavilion used as a reading room; while, scattered around, are specimens of sculpture that carry the mind back to Egypt's palmier days.

Having secured rooms, we had an interview with a guide recommended by the friendly landlord. It was arranged that he should come with horses and carriage to start for the pyramids immediately after breakfast. Returning he was to take us in the afternoon through the Bazar to the citadel, mosques, etc. If serving us and our interests faithfully, he was to receive one dollar for his services. As far as we could judge, he did this and proved an interesting and companionable fellow. A little past nine we started with a fine carriage

and good span of horses. Leaving the city we crossed the Nile and passed the Pasha's palace. The road was elevated and lay between rows of palm and acacia trees. The fields of nearly ripe wheat were waving in the breeze, countrymen were going and coming with their donkeys and camels bearing



THE PYRAMIDS.

various commodities. The greater number were laden with fresh green clover. Some have spoken of the pyramids as twelve miles from Cairo, others as ten, or only eight. They came in sight as soon as we were out of the city and neither then nor afterwards

seemed more than five or six miles off. The air was fresh and clear and the ride over the pleasant road was really enjoyable. But the pyramids are before us, and we are approaching them, and that is enough to send a thrill of joy through the heart. The road is across a nearly level plain, here and there well cultivated. In about an hour we were at the foot of a slight eminence, crowned with the greatest monuments of antiquity.

We have watched these strange, wedge-shaped structures for the last half hour. At first they were upon the horizon, standing out against the sky clear and well defined. But as we near them the pyramidal form and the rough, jagged corners appear, and steps are seen running the whole length formed by the blocks of stone dropping back a few feet each tier. It is not till you have walked round them that you begin to appreciate their great magnitude. The ruins of an old temple are nearly covered with the sand between Cheops\* and the sphinx. Beneath

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\* Cheops is the name applied to the principal pyramid. It covers an area of eleven acres of land. Some of the stones of which it is built are thirty feet long and fifteen wide and four feet and a half deep. It is four hundred and fifty feet high and it is estimated that the material of which it is composed would be sufficient to build a wall ten feet high and eighteen inches thick that would extend three times around England or once around France.

the shadow of the sphinx \* we ate the lunch, our landlord had thoughtfully placed in the carriage, and then leaving the rest of the party to walk about the base began to ascend the largest pyramid. The blocks of stone are about three feet square and from six to eight feet long. Placing your knee upon the edge of one you easily climb to its top, especially when assisted by two or three Arabs,—say two ahead pulling, one at each arm, and a third behind pushing. We dispensed with the “follower” and finding it mere pastime to spring from stone to stone attempted to leave our Bedouin companions in the rear.

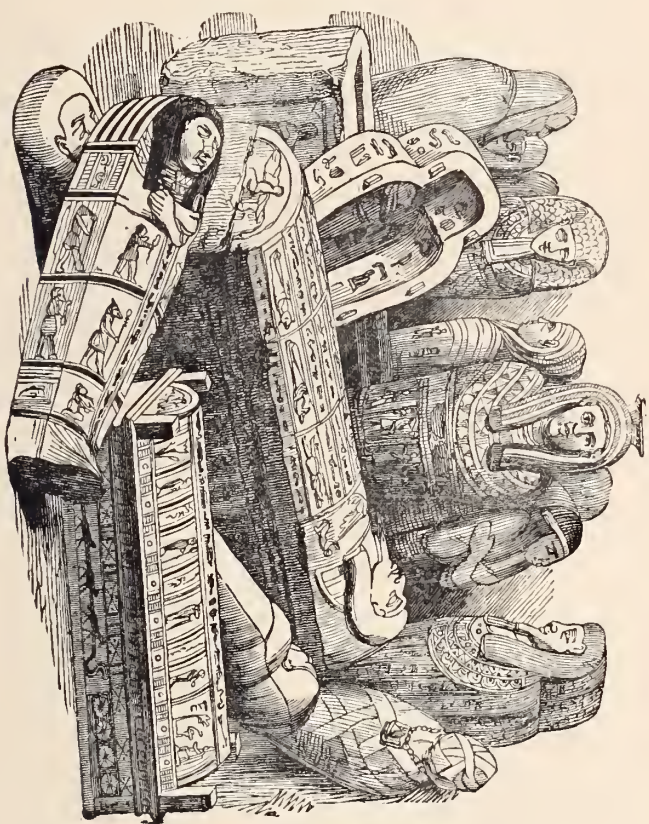
The effort was too great, and two thirds of the way up we stopped, exhausted and unable to proceed, paying dearly for such rashness.

We lingered a few moments to enjoy the extensive prospect. On the east are the ruins of ancient Cairo—forming little hillocks overgrown with grass. Northward is Grand Cairo, with its hundreds of graceful minarets rising

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\* The sphinx is a gigantic figure, half woman and half lion, hewn from solid rock, with an altar between its paws. According to the guide books, the distance to the top of its head is sixty-six feet. The body is one hundred and two feet long, and the paws fifty feet. The circumference of its human head is one hundred feet, the mouth is two feet wide and the nose is four feet long. Such may be the dimensions, but there is little now above the sand, except the head and shoulders.





EGYPTIAN MUMIES.





above the palms and acacias. Beyond are the rocky bluffs that have furnished building stone for both cities. Looking westward, there is a sandy desert as far as the eye can reach; the white sand glowing in the sunlight. The course of the silvery Nile can be traced, beautifying the valley its waters so enrich.

The mummies, sarcophagi and relics of antiquity, taken from the pyramids and other parts of Egypt are found in museums in all lands.

Descending we immediately entered the carriage and reached Cairo about one o'clock.

## XV.

### CAIRO—PEOPLE—DRESS, ETC.

THE dragoman returned in the afternoon with the carriage to take us through the city. We drove leisurely along the streets, alighting to make purchases and walk through the bazar. The streets were crowded with people on foot, riding donkeys and in carriages. There is a great variety of nationality and costume, though the prevailing dress consists of a red cloth cap with a dark blue silk tassel hanging from the crown, or a long piece of

cloth or shawl wound round the head for a turban, and a long robe fitting close round the neck girded at the waist and hanging to the heels, with long sleeves extending a few inches beyond the ends of the fingers. Over this is worn when needed, another cloth garment hanging loose from the shoulders to the ground; the sleeves are also longer than the arm, but slit from the elbow so the hand may be covered or exposed at pleasure. In the presence of superiors the hand is concealed. The Egyptians never wear stockings. Their shoes are usually of red morocco with toes pointed and turning up. Many of them wear a mustache and black bushy whiskers. In their hand they always carry a pipe,—usually with a stem several feet long.

The dress of the women resembles that of the men, except that the robe is open on both sides from the hips downwards. It is also cut so as to leave the bosom partially exposed. A shawl is folded and carried round the waist as a girdle, the ends hanging behind. Over the robe is worn a short jacket or sacque embroidered with silk or gold. A handkerchief with gaudy colors is wound round the head forming a turban widely differing in shape from those worn by the men. The hair over the temples is arranged in little ringlets,



EGYPTIAN COSTUME.



while the rest hangs down the back in several braids, to which gold ornaments are suspended by black silk cords.

When a lady goes out she throws over her head a piece of cloth in size and shape resembling a sheet. It is fastened under the chin and hangs to the ground, covering the entire person excepting the face. For a married lady this covering would be of glossy black silk, and for an unmarried one white silk, white muslin or a gay colored shawl.

The face veil is a long strip of white muslin hanging from a little below the eyes to near the feet. Many of the women of the lower ranks wear a black crape veil in like manner covering all the face except the eyes and part of the forehead. Says Lane in his "Modern Egyptians:" "The women of Egypt deem it more incumbent upon them to cover the upper and back part of the head than the face; and more requisite to conceal the face than most other parts of the person."

Another says he has seen women whose entire apparel consisted of a narrow strip of cloth, and this they hung over the lower part of the face, leaving the eyes and every other part of the person exposed.

"It is Friday," says our dragoman, "we can go and see the dancing dervishes." Friday is the day for their religious services, and we



were fortunate in being in Cairo that day. The government gives the priests a support and has set apart a building for their services. The centre of the hall is enclosed by a low circular railing within which the priests, if they may be so called, sat flat upon the floor with their backs to the railing. They wore long grey robes and conical felt hats, a foot or more in height, without brims. In the gallery a band was playing on instruments resembling the fife. The chief sat on a lamb's skin spread upon the floor; his robe differing from the rest only in color. When the music ceased they all arose and commenced to march around inside the enclosure with a slow, measured step.

Each one as he came to the spot where the chief had sat, stopped and bowed, then with one long step placed himself immediately in front of the lambskin, wheeling around so as to face it. In a similar manner he wheels to the opposite side, still facing the lamb's skin. The one behind him has come up and stands on the other side; they bow to each other over the lamb's skin and the foremost one goes on leaving the one that follows to get round this obstacle by the same performance. Thus they continued to march round the room and bow over the wool skin for several minutes, when suddenly every one of them

THE DANCING DERVISHES.





started off into the middle of the hall twirling like tops, with hands raised and spread out, the head thrown back and the gown standing out almost horizontally from the waist. The dragoman assuring us that it was all like that to the end, we left, and for aught we know they are spinning still. The wonder is that they do not become dizzy and fall to the floor before they have taken a dozen turns.

We now drove past several mosques to the top of the hill, three hundred feet above desert, and alighting entered the gates of the citadel. Crossing the court we put off our shoes and entered the Mosque of Mehemet Ali, the finest structure of the kind in Egypt. The floor is covered with a thick carpet. The roof is supported by four pillars, arches connecting them with the corners of the building. In the centre is a magnificent dome, and on each side four half domes, all beautifully frescoed and adorned in the most elaborate and florid style. Along the southern side is a gallery built of alabaster, and from the centre of the dome is suspended a highly ornamented chandelier with four circles of lamps. In the south-east corner is the tomb of Mehemet Ali, grandfather of the present pasha. The sarcophagus is eighteen feet long by twenty wide, built of marble and covered with heavy tapestry. On the

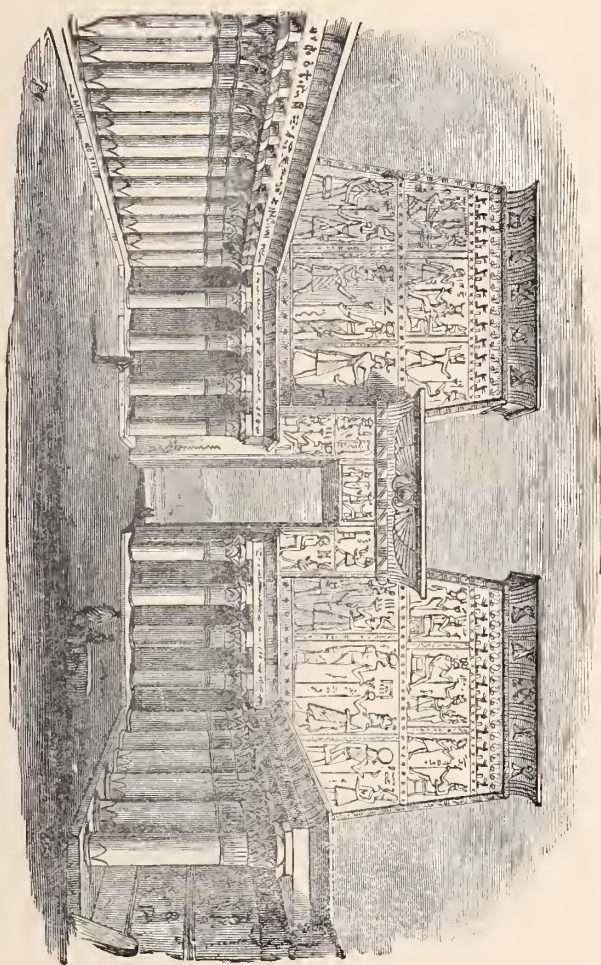
south side of the mosque is a large court paved with white marble slabs, some of which are five feet square. The court is surrounded by a colonnade supported by forty-eight massive columns. In the centre is an octagonal alabaster fountain most elaborately carved and ornamented. The mosques all have fountains in their courts where the moslems wash before prayers.

It was within this citadel that the slaughter of the Mamelukes took place. They were slaves brought from Georgia. About the year 1250 they overthrew the government, and continued to rule in some shape till the year 1806 when Mehemet Ali was invested with the government. In 1811 he became jealous of their power and invited them to a feast in the citadel; as they arose to retire, to their astonishment they found themselves prisoners. They exclaimed, "We are betrayed!" At that instant the cry of "Kill, Kill" fell upon their ears, and the Greek soldiers concealed in ambush for the purpose opened upon them a deadly fire, under which all fell but one, who leaped his horse over a precipice through a breach in the wall and, though his horse was killed, the rider escaped. The place where he made this fearful leap is still pointed out.

Joseph's well is within the walls of the



AN EGYPTIAN TEMPLE.







citadel. It is two hundred and sixty feet deep, and fifteen feet in diameter; you may descend to the bottom by a winding staircase. The water is supplied by an aqueduct from the Nile and raised with machinery worked by bullocks. From the brow of the hill upon which the citadel is built, we had a good look at the surrounding country. The city lies far below, the streets so narrow as to be scarcely observed, and the town seems one mass of flat roofs, domes, minarets, groves and gardens. To the west are the pyramids. On the banks of the Nile to the south is the residence of the pasha, approached through a long avenue of mulberries, sycamores and acacias. The palace and gardens are said to surpass any thing of the kind in Egypt. On the east, near the city, are the tombs of the kings, and further away the ruins of ancient Cairo, where the Pharaohs dwelt in the times of Joseph and Moses.

Having seen what we desired of Cairo, and bought a few curios, we prepared to leave by the morning train for Alexandria, only regretting that we could not visit the petrified forest, six or eight miles distant. While we bear testimony to the great kindness of the proprietor of the hotel and all connected with it, in truth it must be said that we were never so tormented with fleas as during the

two nights spent there, of course always excepting the night in the Chinese inn, when on the way to the Great wall of China.

## XVI.

### CAIRO TO ALEXANDRIA.

It was the sixth of April, a fine, spring-like morning, that we left Cairo for Alexandria. The distance is one hundred and thirty miles and seven hours are required to make the journey by railroad. We found on the train a missionary and a party of clergymen whom we had met the day before. The missionary resides at Alexandria and had been to Cairo to attend a series of meetings connected with his work.\* We all united in questioning him, while traveling leisurely in cars moving about sixteen miles an hour.

The fields are looking fresh, though rain seldom falls in this part of Egypt except along the seacoast. There is an abundance

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\* The United Presbyterian Mission has more than twenty stations with eight missionaries and about as many native preachers. "They have six hundred and seventy six church members and a sabbath attendance of twice that number with as many more in their Sunday Schools. Their school girls do not wear the usual face covering."

A SCENE IN EGYPT.





of rain in the highlands, where the Nile has its source, and by a system of irrigation it is made to water all this beautiful plain across which the steam horse is drawing us. There are groves of palm trees, fields of wheat, nearly ripe patches of dark green clover and other crops, upon which it is hard to believe rain has never fallen.

It was almost impossible for one fresh from a twelve years residence in China, not to notice the numerous points of resemblance, between the two countries.

These little clusters of huts, built of sun-dried bricks, covered with palm branches and thatched with leaves, though inferior, yet in their general appearance resemble Chinese villages. In both countries, the better class of buildings are arranged around a court with doors opening on all sides. But unlike China, one of these doors opens into the harem. The rooms appropriated to Chinese ladies are, as far as possible, in the rear of the other buildings. In the houses there are no fire places, but as in the north of China, the bedstead is composed of masonry, with a furnace at one end and a flue through it to warm the sleeper.

In Egypt as in China, the pupil is set to commit his lesson to memory, expected to turn his back to the book and teacher, and



keeping time, by swaying his body back and forth, recite it word for word.

As in China, they shave their heads, with the exception of a tuft on the crown, though they do not braid this into a queue. Like the Chinese they have beautiful white teeth, and stain the nails and paint the lips and face.

Their custom of betrothal through a broker to a person they have never seen, is very similar to what is practiced in China. Their farming implements, and the buffalo used for raising water and plowing, all remind us of China.

Not far from Cairo the waters of the Nile are divided, and flow on through distinct and widely separated channels. The first branch which we crossed is called the Damietta. The railroad bridge at this point was built by English engineers, and is a fine structure. The country is perfectly level and would, but for its associations, be very uninteresting.

We reached Alexandria early in the afternoon, having been in the cars more than seven hours. As the steamer for Jaffa was to leave in the evening, we had only time to take our passage and get on board. Expecting to return, we did not so much regret leaving this interesting spot. Here Apollos was born and Mark died, and here are still some inter-



POMPEY'S PILLAR.



esting relics of the past. On an other occasion we took a carriage and drove out to see Pompey's pillar. It is outside of the city wall, on a slight eminence, and is one of the most wonderful works of man we have ever seen. It is a round column of red granite, seventy three feet high, and thirty feet in circumference, composed of a single block of stone. Including base and capital, it is ninety feet high. There is no such stone in this part of Egypt. How it could have been brought from its quarry, one or two hundred miles distant, and how raised to its present perpendicular position, are questions often asked but not yet satisfactorily answered.

The story is told of a sea captain who swore he would drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's pillar. Those who heard him wondered if he would be able to keep his rash vow. He procured a kite and flew it till the string lay across the top of the pillar. With the kite line he drew up a small cord and with that a rope ladder, upon which he and his companions ascended, and where he doubtless kept his pledge.

Cleopatra's needles are on the other side of the city and close to the shores of the Mediterranean. There is but one standing, the other lies prostrate near by.\* They are red

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\* This one has since been taken to England.

granite obelisks, from the same region as Pompey's pillar and about sixty-six feet long. They formerly stood at Heliopolis, and it is said were brought to Alexandria by one of the Cæsars.

## XVII.

### ALEXANDRIA TO JAFFA.

THE great highway of the world lies through Egypt. If, however, it lay quite off the track of common travel, in planning a trip around the world we would go considerably out of our way rather than pass a country so renowned in history and possessing so many interesting monuments of the past. But leaving Egypt, Palestine and all Europe lay spread out temptingly before us. If one could devote his whole life to travel, or even a year or two, it would be easier to decide. The Holy Land possesses more interest to us than any other part of the world, not excepting Greece and Rome, France and Great Britain.

Palestine is easily reached from Alexandria. There are three or more lines of steamers running round the Mediterranean, stopping at Alexandria and Jaffa. The one sailing

about the time we wished to start happened to be of the French line, very popular with most travelers. And it ought to be for the second class fare, upon these steamers, is fully equal, in cleanliness and almost every other respect, to the first class on the other lines. Escaping from the almost innumerable runners and boatmen, that swarm round you like hungry mosquitoes and hang on like leeches, we went on board Saturday afternoon at four o'clock. The steamer sailed about five. Fearing sea-sickness, we got in readiness, as far as possible, to retire. But the sea was not boisterous and we sat up till late in the evening, watching the shore as long as it could be seen, then the light-houses and starry heavens,—talking with fellow passengers of what we had seen elsewhere and expected to see in Palestine. Early the next morning going on deck we found ourselves approaching Port Said at the Mediterranean end of the Suez canal.

This is a large village scattered over considerable territory. The houses are small and mean looking, the streets broad and sandy, and the inhabitants of all nationalities. The harbor was constructed by extending a wall of artificial stones out into the sea. The blocks are formed of sand and cement and thrown into the sea one upon another, form



ing an irregular wall against which the sand is piled up by the action of the water, forming a strong breakwater.\*

This place owes its importance to the Suez canal, and already has considerable business. The light-house is a handsome stone structure. We spent the Sabbath in the harbor of Port Said, and when we arose the next morning, mount Carmel and the hills of Judea were in sight and we were approaching Jaffa, the Joppa of the Bible.

It has a magnificent situation on a high promontory, the streets rising in terraces one above another, and as seen, when approaching it from seaward, embowered in orange groves, with the fragrance of their blossoms borne to you on the breeze, it seems very attractive.

The steamer dropped anchor some distance from land, and boats came off for passengers. We engaged one to take us ashore, and were soon on our way, to land in one of the most difficult ports in the world.

It was a clear, calm, beautiful morning the eighth of April. The sea was smooth, and we would have been fortunate if we had experienced as little trouble after landing as

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\* Each block is thirteen feet long by six feet wide and six feet deep. There are 25,000 blocks, each weighing 20 tons and said to cost \$200 each. The last item seems exorbitant.

before reaching the shore. Our passport was in one of the trunks left in Alexandria. Here seemed a dilemma. But this difficulty was soon surmounted. A gentleman in the company presented his and it answered for the whole party. We were passed at once without any questions. But our baggage must pay a fee; "certainly, with pleasure." We had advanced but a short distance towards the hotel, when the baggage was stopped and another demand made for custom house fees. We met this, and determined to resist any further squeeze. We walked up through the narrow, dirty streets with the flat roofed stone houses rising on each side, jostled by camels, donkeys and mule drivers at every step. All sorts of goods are exposed for sale, in small shops, or at stands along the sidewalks.

So many travellers "were arriving that the people were indulging great expectations and nothing but princely gifts would satisfy them. I tendered the leader of the band that escorted us what was his due, but he indignantly rejected it, demanding five times as much, and, when I quietly put the money into my pocket, he and his whole crew lashed themselves into a towering passion in true oriental style, and made all sorts of threatening demonstrations. Verily, it seemed as if

the Philistines were upon us. In the course of an hour or two he expressed his willingness to accept what I offered, said he was satisfied, and added a 'Thank you.' The above Dr. Prime, gives as his experience and it was almost identically ours; and probably with but little variation is the experience of every traveller who lands at Jaffa.

Here it is said Noah lived and built the ark. Here the cedars of Lebanon, used in building the temple, were landed. Here Jonah embarked for Tarshish. Here Peter raised Tabitha from the dead and had the extraordinary vision which led him to carry the gospel to the heathen.

In 1799 Napoleon took Jaffa and, it is said, ordered more than one hundred sick Turkish prisoners to be poisoned, and thousands to be slain in cold blood, after they had surrendered as prisoners of war. After getting comfortably settled at the Jerusalem Hotel, kept by Mr. Hardegg, we visited the house where tradition says Simon the tanner lived at the time he had Peter for a guest. We went on the top of the house, which is nearly level, and thought, if this is not the very house it probably stood near here "by the sea-side," as this does. But these stone walls and arches supporting the stone roof may have stood for more than eighteen centuries as

far as we know. It became to us the very house and spot where Peter prayed. We paused a short time to reflect and seemed carried back to New Testament times. Plucking a few flowers, blooming upon the top of the house, we took a good look out over the blue Mediterranean, and realized more than when in the crowded, dirty, narrow street that we were indeed in the Holy Land. From here we went to visit Miss Arnott's school. She has under her care, about thirty girls of various nationalities. The little Greek girls were very pretty. Miss Mary Baldwin has a school of sixty boys also supported by charity. It is at present in charge of Mrs. Hay. It was amusing to hear some of the boys give their names. One said his name was Naaman, another was called Rashib,—a guide. What we saw of these two Missions schools quite pleased us. Want of time only, prevented us from seeing more of the missionary work. We soon completed arrangements to start in the afternoon for Jerusalem.



## XVIII.

### GOING UP TO JERUSALEM.

THE distance from Jaffa to Jerusalem is variously stated to be from thirty to forty miles. It is a hard day's ride on horse back, especially for ladies and others unaccustomed to such exercise. There are three routes. One takes the traveller through Ramleh, and Lydda, another through Kirjath-jearim and Latron, or striking across a little further north, you pass Gibeon and Mizpeh. Our plan was to go as far as Ramleh the first day, and spend the night there. Then with only about two thirds of the distance before us, reach Jerusalem sometime the next afternoon. By this arrangement we could get supper, lodging and breakfast, at the Latin convent, which is kept open for the entertainment of travellers, something like a hotel.

The monks have no fixed price, yet few give them less than they pay elsewhere; all gained by the enterprise goes for the support of the church.

The dragoman was to provide a lunch for the second day, a donkey for the baggage, a mule with panniers for the three children, and a horse for each of the others. There were two or three other parties starting at the same time, each under the leadership of its own dragoman.

After considerable delay the horses, etc., arrived in front of the hotel; the donkey-boys shouting and screaming, the horses kicking and squealing, the donkeys wandering among the other animals, braying and throwing up their hind legs as if trying to stand on their heads or about to throw a summer-set. After helping others into their panniers and saddles I mounted the only Arab left. Though badly broken and at first rather unmanageable, he proved the most spirited and one of the fleetest horses in the whole cavalcade.

The streets and lanes as you leave Jaffa are narrow, and some of the party nearly ran over the little donkeys with their heavy loads; then the dragomans beat the donkey drivers, for not keeping out of the way. One fierce Arab dragoman pursued a donkey driver and cut him so severely with his lash



that the blood flowed freely from his arms and shoulders.

On either side, as you pass along, are beautiful orchards of citrons, lemons, apricots, and oranges. There is an abundance of the latter fully ripe,—large and delicious and marvelously cheap. Then upon the same branches are the little oranges, which will mature in another year, and blossoms sending forth their sweet perfume.

These orchards are separated, and fenced in from the road, by hedges of prickly pear or cactus. They resemble those we see in flower pots, only so much larger. The leaves are ten or fifteen feet long and four or five feet broad, and near the ground, nearly a foot in diameter.

The huts of those who cultivate the ground are scattered among the orchards, miserable and wretched enough.

Merging from these orange groves we come upon an open country, slightly undulating. Here you see a man plowing, there a flock of sheep while on the road are travelers, mounted upon fleet Arab horses, donkeys heavily laden and urged on by the merciless lash, or caravans of camels, moving along with their slow and measured tread.

It is the eighth of April, a beautiful, spring-like day. Our way lies across the plains of



A SCENE IN PALESTINE.



Sharon, radiant with wild flowers of every hue, though the purple tint seems to prevail. Most prominent are the deep red anemone, called the Rose of Sharon. We reached the Latin convent in the village of Ramleh\* about sunset, and were kindly received by the monks who assigned us neatly furnished rooms and soon prepared a comfortable supper. We rambled around the place and visited the ruins of an old Church on the west of the village. The tower is one hundred and twenty feet high. Around it are the remains of a spacious Khan. Some of the arches are still standing, and under the centre of the area are extensive vaults. The tower is Saracenic, square and beautifully built. The angles are supported by slender buttresses, and the sides taper upwards in stories. A narrow winding staircase, lighted by pointed windows, leads to the top, where it opens on an extensive stone gallery carried quite around the tower. From the top there is a most interesting view of the plain. Ramleh is immediately below you, embowered in olive groves and orchards, with palms and sycamores rising here and there. Gardens and fields of grain, fenced by hedges of cactus, give a rich and flourishing aspect to

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\* This is Arimethea where the Joseph lived, whose new tomb afforded a brief resting place for our Lord's precious body.

the town. The houses are of stone, with flat roofs. Lydda\* is seen on a slight eminence to the north-east, while north and south the eye wanders over a vast, rich plain, well cultivated and covered with green fields of wheat or variegated with beautiful wild flowers. On the west is the sea, and on the east the mountains of Israel, which we hope to cross on the morrow. It is a rich and beautiful country, we thought, wending our way back to the convent; and the people would be prosperous and happy if under a good government. But all these heathen governments plunder the people and make little or no return for all the taxes and revenues they collect.

After a comfortable night's rest and a good breakfast, we started early and moved on as fast as possible, while it was cool. By noon we had crossed the plain, and were at the commencement of the highlands, or a series of hills which continue all the way to Jerusalem. We sat down on a large rock, beneath shady trees, and ate the lunch or dinner provided by the dragoman. It consisted of cold fowl, mutton, hard-boiled eggs, bread and butter, etc. We were all hungry

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\* This is the place where Peter healed Æneas, for eighty years sick with the palsey; from here he was summoned to Joppa after the death of Dorcas.

and enjoyed it. The poor men living in the neighborhood came round, contending with dogs for the bones; when they secured one the men had the advantage over the dogs. While the dog gnawed and chewed his, vainly striving to crack it, the man, with one well aimed blow from a rock, broke open the bone and reached the marrow. The horses fed for a short time while we rested, and then we mounted and began the ascent of the hills.

This is the "Gate of the valley." Formerly a sheik lived here and kept this mountain pass, levying a tax on the pilgrims. For many years he was the terror of the country. But he and his family have long since been crushed and the road is now quite safe.

The path at first follows a valley or ravine, then winds up over the hill, with olive groves on each side, and now and again, at long intervals, a house. From this point it is very hilly, up one side and down the other, hill after hill all the way. The valleys are small, narrow and cultivated; the hills rocky and barren. They are low and not very steep. Hills like these in any other country would be covered with vegetation.

From some of the hill tops there are fine views. The blue Mediterranean, with its white line of sandy shore, and the green plain, dotted with villages forms a pretty picture.



The valley of Elah, where David slew Goliath, is the largest and best cultivated that we passed. The hills slope down each side, with a narrow level space at the bottom, where the champions stood in full sight of the two armies, encamped on the hill-sides over against each other.

This valley is now planted with vines and fruit-trees. Some of the party gathered stones from the brook where David took his, others plucked flowers from a quince tree growing near by. Here we met a runner for one of the hotels in Jerusalem, who accompanied us the rest of the way. As we drew near to the Holy City, he was understood to say it could be seen from the next hill-top. The children, tired with the long and uncomfortable ride, readily partook of the anxiety which we all manifested to get a glimpse of this most interesting spot. But there was a mistake, and we reached the top of one hill after another, and our eyes were not gratified with the sight. The little ones inquired again and again, "Can we see Jerusalem, papa? Is it in sight yet?" "Not yet, my child; perhaps from the next hill you will see it," was the oft repeated reply. But at last we reached the top of a high hill, where we got our first view of the Holy City. Bethlehem is in sight among beautiful slopes

to the south. It looks a lovely spot, fit birth-place for the Saviour.

Mizpeh is seen on a hill at the north, and before us, not far away, is Jerusalem! The setting sun is gilding its domes and minarets, and shining pleasantly upon the side of Olivet, which forms the back ground of the picture. The city seems smaller than we had anticipated. The wall around it and the city gates, are such as we have been long accustomed to in the east, and we hasten on to enter the gates and tread its streets, with hearts full of joy and gratitude for the privilege of standing on ground hallowed by so many sacred associations.

## XIX.

### JERUSALEM.

WE entered the Holy City through the North, or Damaseus gate, and went at once to the Hotel D'Amerique.

It was too late in the afternoon to do much more than get comfortably settled. We found a way to the house-top from a balcony on the second story, and were out early the next morning to see the sun rise over Olivet. The houses are of solid masonry, the second floor or roof being supported by arches. There are,

however, no floors, but instead, a pavement of brick or stone, and for the roof this pavement is plastered. There is scarcely any wood about the houses the very stair ways are of stone.

The light was rolling up in the east, and a slight shower passing over the city, when we reached the top of the houses. It was a most solemn and impressive moment. Looking southward, a little to the right, is Mount Zion, where King David dwelt. Immediately before, and very near to where we stand, is the Mosque of Omar, on the site of the temple where God was visibly present, and where the Son of God walked and taught. A little further to the left, over the city wall and across the narrow valley, apparently a stone's throw from the Mosque of Omar, lies the Mount of Olives.

Jerusalem is spread out like a map before us.\* We stand a moment thinking of its varied fortunes. No other city so blessed or cursed! Seventeen times has it been taken and pillaged, and within its walls millions of human beings have been slaughtered. What distinguished characters have lived here, walked these streets and looked upon this scenery!

While thus meditating the sun came up

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\* The population of Jerusalem is about 24,000 of which only 500 are English speaking; 4000 are Jews.

over Olivet, first gilding the domes and towers on Mount Zion, then Moriah, and finally shining cheerfully upon the whole city. The birds are chirping and singing, the Arabs are calling to their donkeys, or hawking their produce through the narrow streets below. As the sun rises higher, the olive trees and other shrubs, and every rock and path on the Mount of Olives, can be distinctly seen. It seems very near, and only a slight elevation, being about two hundred feet higher than the city wall.

One of our first walks was out through the eastern gate, across the valley to the garden of Gethsemane, and over the Mount of Olives to Bethany. We lingered in the vicinity of the garden, sat a few minutes in the enclosure said to be the very spot where our Saviour went with his disciples to suffer and pray for us, picked a few of the pretty wild flowers now in full bloom, and then commenced climbing the mountain.\* There is a path winding round the southern end to Bethany, and another leading almost directly up its western slope to the top. We took a direction between the two, and in a zigzag course picked our way up the mountain, often pausing to look off over the city and landscape. Around

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\* The garden of Gethsemane is enclosed with a high wall and contains about half an acre of land and several olive trees.

us are many old graves with Hebrew and Latin inscriptions. Outside the walls of the city and on the Mount of Olives, are the white tents of travellers, usually flying their nation's flag.

Imagine our surprise and pleasure when there issued from one of these tents, with a warm greeting, Rev. Mr. Taylor, whom we had not seen since we were in Union College together sixteen years ago, and Rev. Mr. Sturgis, a classmate and friend of a dear brother. From a tower on the top of Olivet, we had one of the most interesting and extensive views our eyes ever rested upon. We look down upon Jerusalem, every street and house distinctly visible. Mizpeh and Gibeon are five or six miles distant to the north, Bethlehem about the same distance to the southwest, and Bethany less than a mile a little south of east. There is a gradual descent to the valley of the Jordan and Red sea, which is in sight, and in this clear atmosphere seems very near, though twenty miles away. The mountains of Moab beyond rise like a wall, Nebo being one of the highest points. Bethel is in sight, only ten miles distant, directly north. A high mountain, with a volcanic appearance, about ten miles off in the other direction, marks the location of Hebron a few miles from its southern base.



THE DEAD SEA, AND THE CONVENT OF SANTA SABA.







A BRIDGE OVER THE JORDAN.



On the west we look across to the Mediterranean sea, distinctly seen in a clear day. "We remembered Josephus' description of the beauty of Solomon's temple as seen in the morning sun light, and as we looked towards Jerusalem the words rose to our lips, as they had never done before, '*Beautiful for situation*, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion.' The situation of Jerusalem is unlike that of any other city I have ever seen. Surrounded by mountains, and built upon a mountain, the city itself is two thousand and two hundred feet above the level of the sea, only some feet lower than the highest point in England. Here we can understand the force and beauty of the words of Holy Writ, 'As the mountains are round about Jerusalem so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever.'

As we looked over the jagged mountains of the wilderness of Judea, our thoughts went back to the long ago when David pursued by the revengeful Saul, often sought and found a refuge amid their rocky fastnesses.\*"

We sat down and rested beneath a fig tree, probably not far from the spot where the Saviour cursed one, upon which he found no fruit. "All was perfect silence. The birds

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\* "*Three Weeks in Palestine*," by Miss Hattie Noyes.

were singing among the olives, the bee hummed from flower to flower. Opposite was the city, from which no sound proceeded. Yet I could have made my words heard by any one standing on the temple area. There was a holy stillness in the scene quite indescribable.\* We wound along the eastern slope to the foot of the mountain, and crossing another ridge were in Bethany. Although but two miles from Jerusalem, neither the city nor the summit of the Mount of Olives are in sight, being hidden by a spur of the mountain. We were shown the grave of Lazarus, the ruins of the house where Mary and Martha lived, and the house of Simon, where Jesus was invited to a feast.

Of course none of these localities can be identified; but over these hills and perhaps along these very paths, our Saviour walked, and that gives them an interest that is linked to no other spot.

How often he went from his day's toil in the city, to seek communion and rest at the home of his friends, Mary and Martha and Lazarus.

On our way back we followed a path that skirts the southern side of Olivet. Leaving the pool of Siloam on our left, we soon came

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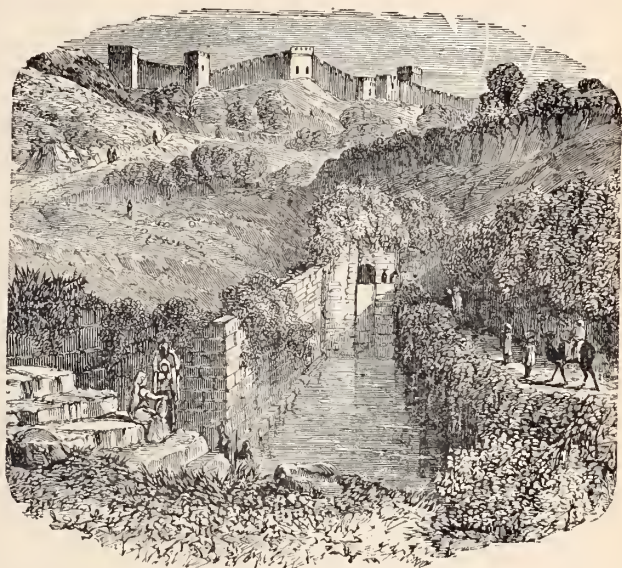
\* Memoir of Norman Macleod, D. D. page 341.

THE VILLAGE OF BETHANY.





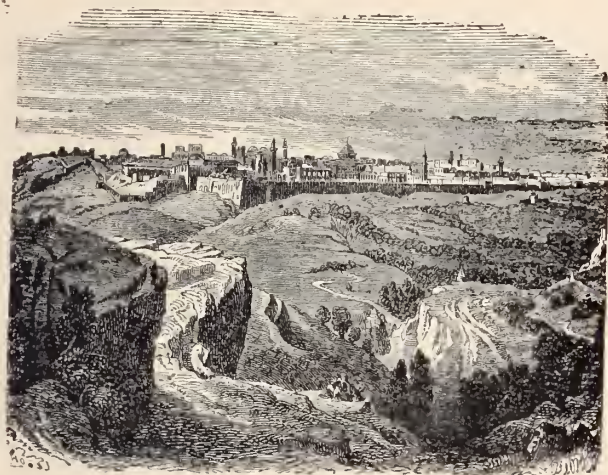




THE POOL OF SILOAM.



to the spot where we suppose the Savior was when "he beheld the city,"—and as with prophetic vision he contemplated its doom,—  
"wept over it."

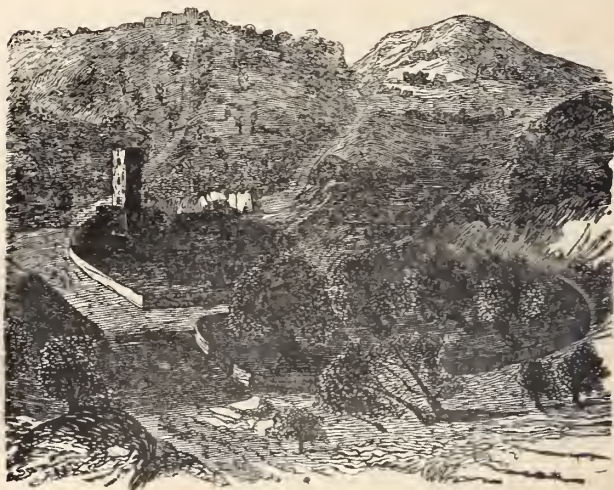


JERUSALEM, FROM THE SOUTH EAST.

In the view, on the opposite page, the path to the fountain is seen above the edge of the pool, on the right. You may descend a flight of steps to the water, which flows out by a small orifice into the square pool, and thence into the valley below. There is a singular ebb and flow in the stream, which may have

given rise to the tradition that "an angel troubled the waters."

A few steps further on, we passed the garden of Gethsemane, seen in the foreground of the engraving below.



THE GARDEN OF GETHESEMANE.

Here are several olive trees, very gnarled and time-worn. It is said that the olive tree lives as long as a thousand years, and these look very old. By the roots of the largest, was a bit of honey-comb, reminding us of the emblem of plenty, held out to the Israelites, "a land flowing with milk and honey."

## XX.

### BETHLEHEM.

The third day of our stay in Jerusalem was set apart for a visit to Bethlehem. This little village lies in a southerly direction, about six miles from Jerusalem. It did not look more than three miles away, when seen from the Mount of Olives the day before. We thought we could trust our own eyes, better than those persons who were interested in our taking horses, so resolved to walk; the ladies of the party riding on donkeys, the children as usual in panniers on a mule. We passed out of the city through the Jaffa or west gate. Our road lay over gradual slopes and along hill-sides, past vineyards and olive orchards hedged or walled in. We met with one or two parties of Jews travelling much as we were, the men on foot and the women on



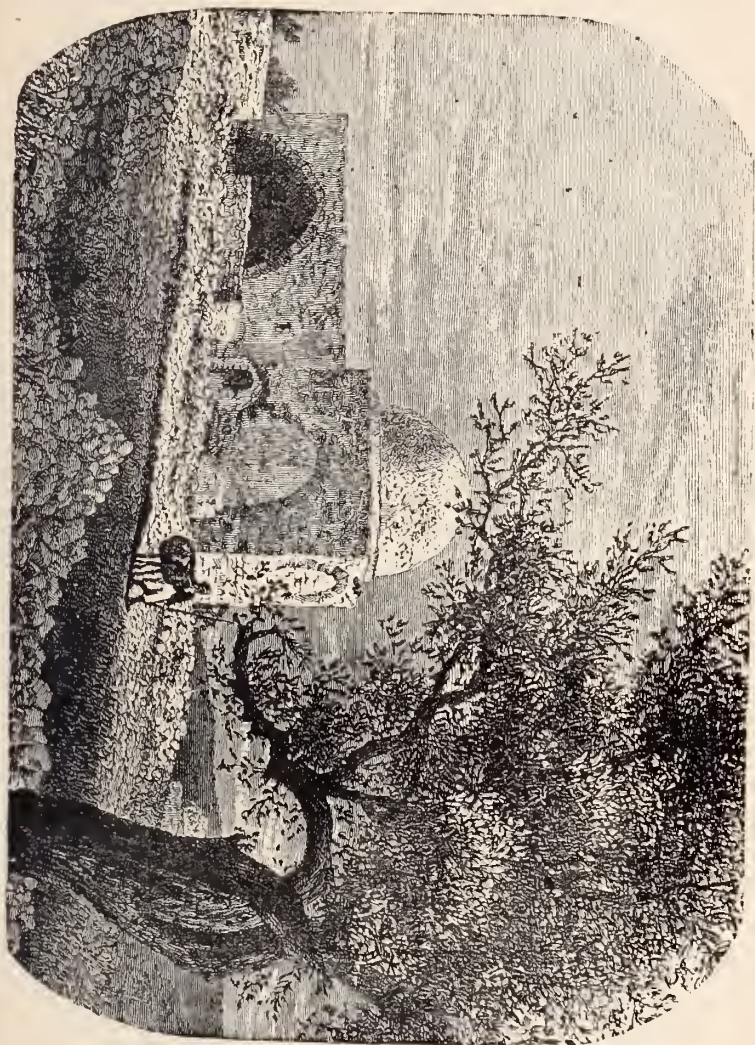
donkeys. They all stopped at Rachel's tomb, about four miles from the city, doubtless thinking more of that spot, than the one to which we were wending our way.

There is scarcely a sacred place, in or about Jerusalem, so well identified as Rachel's tomb. "And Rachel died and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem. And Jacob set a pillar upon her grave, that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." A suitable structure has been erected over the spot, and the pillar, though enclosed, can be seen through the bars.

After passing Rachel's tomb, an Arab came along riding on a camel. Tired with walking, I thought it would be nice to try this mode of travelling. By pantomime and an exhibition of coin, the rider was made to understand that I would like to exchange places with him.

A word from his master and the animal fell on his knees. He then folded his hind legs under him so that he lay flat upon the ground. The Arab dismounted, and motioned me to occupy his seat. The camel now raised himself, as he had gone down; first upon his hind legs, nearly throwing me forward over his head, then upon his fore legs with a jerk, that made me fear a fall in the other direction. As he began to stride

RACHEL'S TOMB.









BETHLEHEM,



along, his gait produced a motion something like a boat pitching over the waves. I was afraid of being made sea-sick, and begged my Arab friend to let me come down from the fearful height, the camel's back seemed. He made the animal kneel, and I was glad to be on the ground again. This was my first and last attempt to ride a camel. Walking the rest of the way, we soon reached Bethlehem.

This village, which we could but regard with the deepest interest, covers the north-eastern slope of a spur of mountains running north and south, with deep valleys on the north, south and east. Below the town, the hill-side is terraced, and figs, olives and grapes cultivated. Upon these hills, the son of Jesse led his father's sheep; and the shepherds were watching their flock's by night, when a great light shown around them, and angel voices sang; "Unto you is born a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." In the valley below are corn fields, and beyond them to the east the barren hills known as the wilderness of Judea, and still farther away the almost perpendicular mountains of Moab.

Half an hour's ride would bring us to those solitudes, where the black tents of the Bedouins, dot the barren limestone hills. Coming from the city to-day we saw one of those



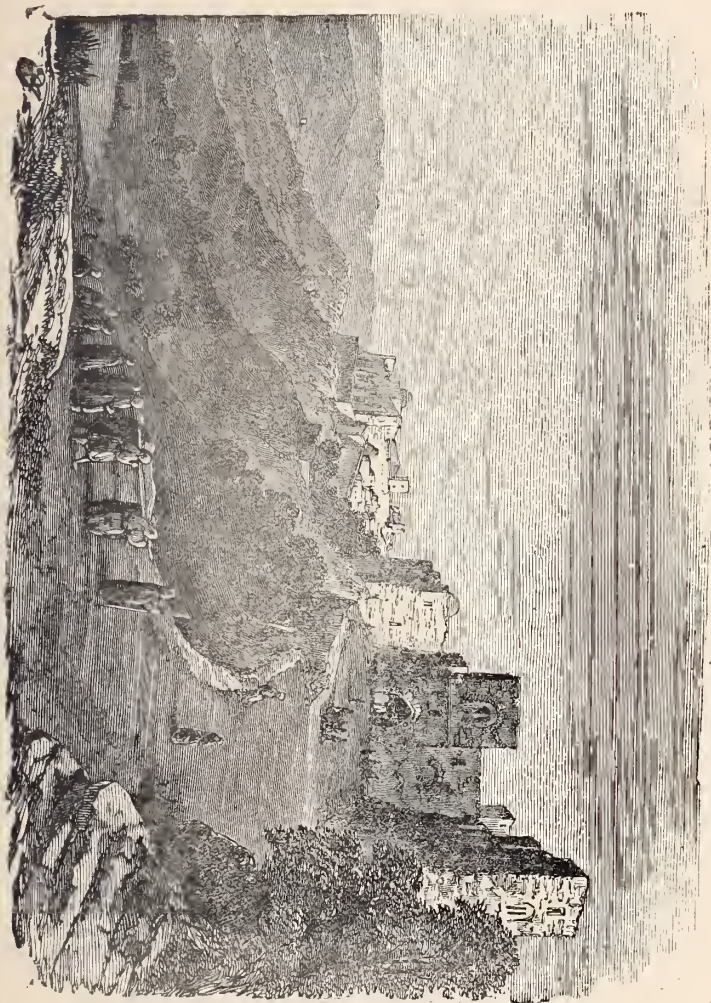
wild men, armed with a rifle, flying across the country upon "a ship of the desert."

The streets of Bethlehem are narrow and dirty, and as everywhere else, you are greeted with crowds of beggars exposing their leprosy, sores, and deformities in a disgusting manner. We were also besieged by the inhabitants urging upon us their wares, consisting of beads, crosses, etc., carved from olive wood or mother-of-pearl. The little girls are very beautiful, and press upon you these curios in a way you can hardly resist.

Bethlehem has a more thriving and prosperous appearance than most of the towns in Palestine. Though it contains several thousand inhabitants, there is not a single Jew among them. The Rev. Mr. Miller, a German Missionary, has labored here for seventeen years. He has day and boarding schools, and a church of thirty members.

The principal building of the place is the church erected over the spot where our Saviour is said to have been born. On entering we were received with great kindness by the monks, who gave us lemonade and other refreshments, and then one of their number conducted us through the church. It is a magnificent structure with double rows of Corinthian columns of marble, ten on a side, forty in all. At the top of the steps, leading

BETHLEHEM AS YOU ENTER FROM JERUSALEM.





to the subterranean portion, we each received a lighted candle, and descended to a spacious chapel, elegantly fitted up under ground. It is lighted by beautiful lamps, the gifts of different princes.

Going on from here through long winding passages, all hallowed by some tradition, we at length reached the cave where Jesus is said to have been born. Upon one side, beneath the overhanging rock, sixteen silver lamps, are kept burning continually, over a brass plate bearing the inscription, "Here Jesus was born." On the other side of the cave, we were shown a marble manger, in which, they say he was laid. Returning to the regions of day-light we remunerated our guide, gave him back his candles, bought a few curios and started for Jerusalem. David's well is a few steps from the road, and we turned aside to drink of the waters for which he so longed.

We reached Jerusalem about noon, hungry and fatigued, and more ready to believe it is six miles to Bethlehem than when we started in the morning.

## XXI.

### MOUNT CALVARY.

PALESTINE is only about one hundred and forty miles long, and on an average forty miles wide, yet within this small space how many interesting localities! Says a recent writer on the subject:—

“From end to end are ruins. There are ruins which the Israelites found when first they dispossessed the Canaanites; ruins which date from their own two monarchies; ruins of that long period between Nehemiah and Herod; ruins Herodian, ruins Roman but post Herodian; ruins Christian; ruins Saracenic; ruins Christian of a later date; and ruins Mohammedan. On every hill-top is a tel, on every hill-side is a mound.”

There is no country so interesting as that where the Bible was written, and the mo-



THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

(From the Northwest.)





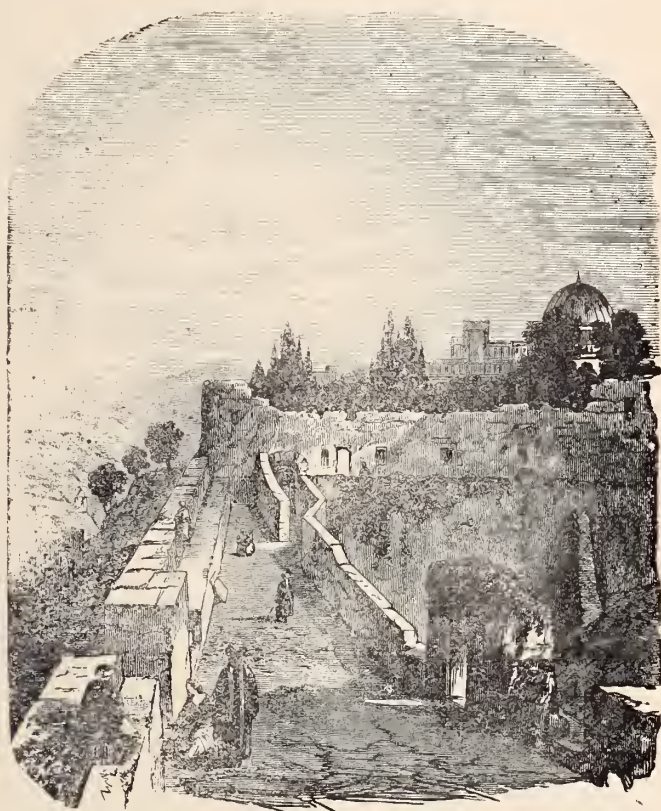
mentous events it describes enacted. How many of the most remarkable of these events, took place in Jerusalem and its vicinity. Bethany and Bethlehem, Olivet and Gethsemane have been mentioned. Next after Bethlehem, Calvary would be sought, unless, as is usually the case, the traveller visits it first. Boyish fancy had pictured a little hill outside the north gate of the city; no buildings of any sort adorned or disfigured it. How much more satisfactory to visit this sacred spot, if you could go there, and in silence and alone, sit down on the green sward and be left to your own meditations.

Very different is the spot pointed out to you as Calvary. The church of the Holy Sepulchre lies along one of the main streets running from north to south. Perhaps an eighth of a mile from the north gate, on the west side of the street, you enter a large court filled with beggars, the lame, halt and blind. Here are also peddlers,—venders of beads, crucifixes, crosses, etc. Upon the north of this court is the entrance to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is said to cover the spot where our Saviour was crucified and buried. This immense structure is under the control of Roman Catholics, the Greek and Armenian churches, who have their several chapels or worship here in turn—as

they can best agree—and when they quarrel and fight, the Turkish soldiers come in and slay a few more, and so make peace among them. The first thing, that attracts the eye as you enter, is a marble slab upon which they say the Saviour was lain, when taken from the cross near by.

There are so many sacred spots and things huddled together beneath this roof, that it is impossible to believe in them all, and this tends to cast a shade of doubt over the whole. The locality is now considered as well identified by good authority. But as you go along that narrow, dirty, crowded street, turn into that court, look through that church with its marble slab, its cross, sepulchre, etc., thronged with people from all parts of the globe, it may be hard to realize your early notions of Mount Calvary.

By the kindness of the American consul, we obtained a permit to visit the Mosque of Omar. There can be no doubt that this is the site of the temple of Solomon, the place hallowed by the labors of the prophets and apostles and of the Lord Jesus Christ himself. The mosque is probably built upon the very spot occupied by the temple. The building is octagonal. The dome is sixty five feet in diameter and rises to the height of ninety-seven feet. In striking contrast with this



THE MOSQUE OF OMAR FROM THE WALL.

(Looking South.)



highly ornamented and beautiful dome is the mass of naked rock, rising beneath it, about six feet higher than the pavement, fifty-seven feet long and forty-three feet wide. Here the voice of God staid the uplifted knife of Abraham, here the destroying angel dropped his sword near the threshing floor of Araunah, here David built his altar of burnt offering when he said "Neither will I offer burnt offering, to the Lord my God, of that which doth cost me nothing." Here Solomon built the temple.

There are interesting ruins in the south east corner of the temple area. Deep under ground are arches and columns by which part of the valley of Jehoshaphat was made to serve as part of the temple enclosure. A system of columns and arches were raised to a height of one hundred and twenty feet, and then covered with earth and made to appear like solid ground. There are stones fifty feet long built into these walls. They are supposed to be the remains of some of Solomon's work.

For several years past, the fragment of a bridge, attached to this wall, has attracted much attention. Dr. Robinson believed it to be a part of the bridge described by Josephus, and was the first to draw adequate attention to it, in his "Researches." It is con-



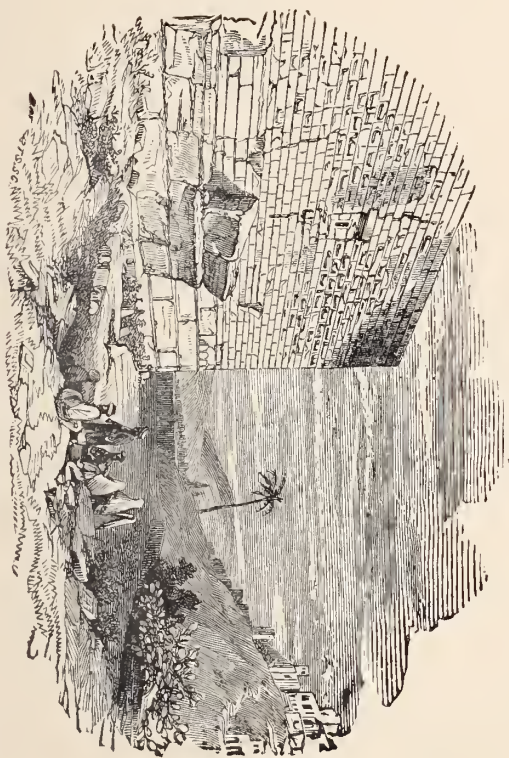
sidered one of the most remarkable remains of antiquity, proving beyond a doubt, the identity of the ancient and modern wall of the temple enclosure. The engraving on the opposite page, shows this ruin as seen from the north, with a part of Mount Zion on the right. This bridge once connected the temple and Solomon's palace.

We visited, or saw in passing, the tombs of the kings, the tombs of the prophets, the pool of Siloam and Hezekiah's pool. We also descended into the excavations—saw the ancient walls and pillars that have been exhumed, with the evidence that former building material had been used in their construction.

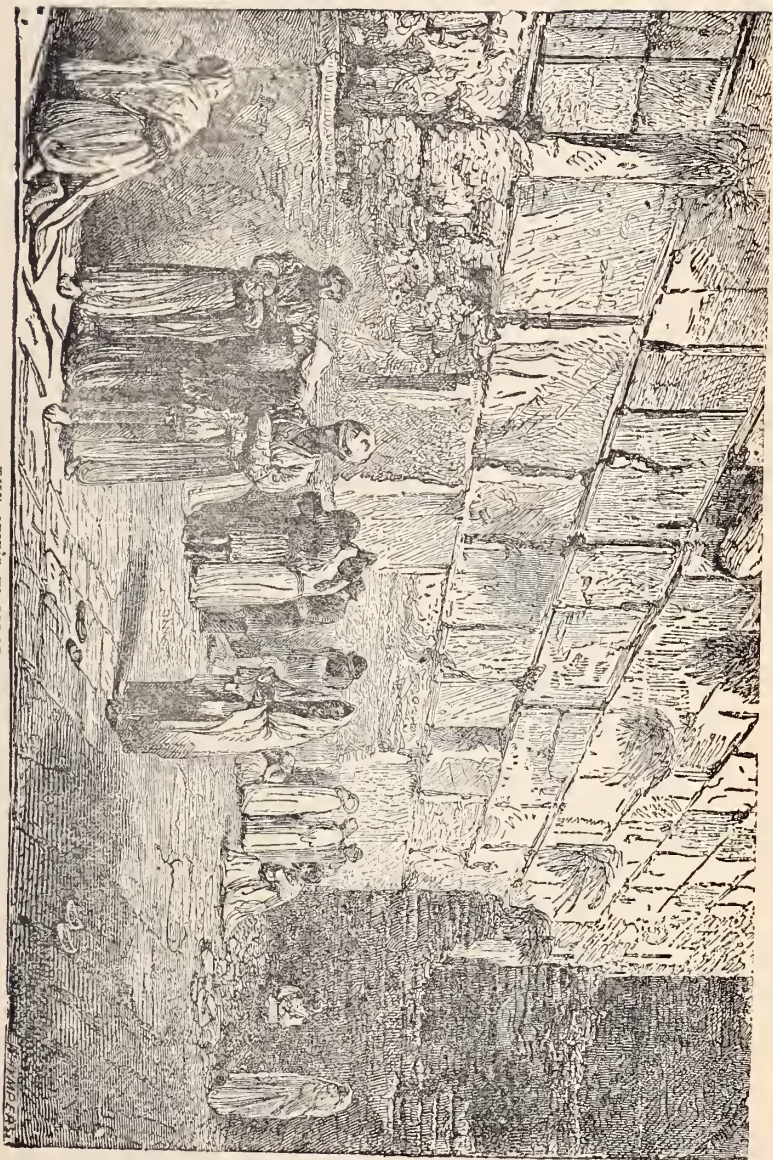


The last morning in Jernsalem, we went again upon the house-top to see the sun rise

REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT BRIDGE.







THE JEW'S WAITING PLACE.





once more over Olivet. The engraving, on a preceding page, gives one a very good idea of an eastern house-top.

We paid a visit to the Jew's wailing place, north of the Mosque of Omar and inside the city wall. It is part of the wall of the temple area, about fifty feet high and one hundred and fifty feet long. Jews, from all quarters and of all ages and both sexes, come here every Friday, to weep and wail over a desolate and dishonored sanctuary.

Old men and women, young men and maidens and children kiss the passive stones, pressing their faces and lips into the joints and crevices, much worn or enlarged by the wasting fingers of time. They weep and wail, and cry, "For the palace that lies desolate; for the walls that are overthrown; for our majesty that is departed; for our great men who lie dead; for the precious stones that are burned; for the priests who have stumbled; for the Kings who have despised Him, we sit in solitude and mourn. O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance, thy temple have they defiled."

"Oh, weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,  
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream.  
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken spell,  
Mourn,—where their God hath dwelt, the godless dwell."



## XXII.

### LEAVING JERUSALEM.

THE guides have good reasons for intimidating travellers in the Holy Land. However, we saw no danger in going up to Jerusalem, nor heard of any, and determined to return to Jaffa without the incumbrance of a guide.

Engaging the horses and mule, and a donkey for the baggage, with ample provisions for the way, we left Jerusalem Friday morning. But of course there was much delay in getting off. These Asiatics never keep their engagements. With us, they try to palm off inferior animals and saddles.

But "Perseverance conquers all things," and if you have perseverance, and patience you may secure some of your rights, even from those who have no sense of justice. At last we passed out of the Damascus gate, wound

along under the wall to the northwest corner, and struck into the road for Jaffa, wishing to make all the progress we could while the sun was behind us. As often as possible, while the Holy city is in sight, we look back, and when about to leave the last hill-top, from which it can be seen, take one more long look, seeking to impress the picture on our memory. Then we move on over barren hills, and across fertile valleys where every spot has its sacred associations, and we feel loath to leave such hallowed ground, having but little hope that we shall ever tread it again.

About ten miles away, we pass Kirjath-jearim, where the ark rested for twenty years. Not far off is the village of Emmaus, whither the two disciples were going when the Lord appeared, and their hearts burned as he talked with them.

On our left we had the scenes of Sampson's exploits and shame. As we descended from the hills upon the plains of Sharon, the prospect was very fine. The mossy grass, variegated with gay colored wild flowers, carpeted the landscape. Upon the distant hills the effect of the changing light and shadows, as the clouds drifted over, was most beautiful.

The road was made for the accommodation of carriages, but was never properly graded,

and is nearly impassable, except on foot or horseback.

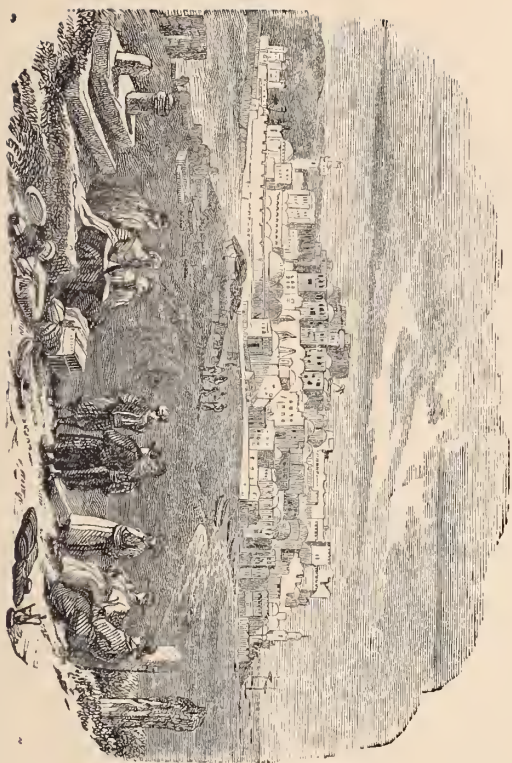
It was a fine day, and we enjoyed the ride; walking the horses up and down the hills, moving a little faster across the plains,—resting at mid-day in a grove to take a lunch, and stopping at the convent at night; the journey was interesting, and not very wearisome, even to ladies and children.



OXEN TREADING OUT GRAIN.

Just before reaching Jaffa, you pass some frame houses erected by a colony of religionists who went from New England, mostly from Maine. Whether owing to the leadership, the principles adopted, or the competition of these Asiatics, the colony failed, and the houses have passed into other hands. The material for these buildings was brought in vessels from Maine.

Remaining in Jaffa only long enough to get



JAFFA.



our tickets for Alexandria, we went directly on board the steamer which was anchored a mile or two away.

It was a windy day, and the waves were breaking high over the rocks that make landing here in bad weather impossible. It seemed most perilous, but those more experienced, encouraged us to make the effort. The passage between the rocks was so narrow that the oars touched on each side, but watching his chance, when a huge wave came in, rising high above the rocks, the helmsman shouted to the rowers to put forth all their energy, and the boat, borne upon the crest of the wave, shot out into the open sea. For a few moments we seemed in imminent peril, and whether we were or not, a grateful sensation came over us when once upon the steamer's deck. It was one of Lloyd's line, and in accommodations and cleanliness, very inferior to the French steamer in which we came to Jaffa.

We were in Alexandria but one night, embarking the next day on board one of the Italian line of steamers for Naples. There were English, American, and Italian passengers, with whom we formed pleasant acquaintances.

We had fine weather, a smooth sea, good fare, and enjoyed the company so much, that the



seven days from Alexandria to Naples passed very pleasantly, and did not seem as long as they might have done, under less favorable circumstances.

Here we follow the route of St. Paul when he was sent to Italy. A few days out from Alexandria the air grew so cool, that it was evident we were in the vicinity of snow. The next day the snow-clad mountains of Crete appeared in view, and we sailed along its southern shore all day. Says Col. Gordon: "Crete is indeed the garden of Greece, and were it thoroughly civilized and cultivated, would produce in vast abundance corn, wine, oil, silk, wool, honey, and wax. . . . The land is stocked with game, the sea with fine fish; fruit is plentiful and of a delicious flavor. Its valleys are adorned with a variety of flowers and aromatic shrubs, and with groves of myrtle, orange, lemon, pomegranate, and almond trees, as well as interminable forests of olives; . . . on the Northern side are several excellent and capacious harbors." The first landing we made was in Sicily, the largest and most fruitful of all the Mediterranean islands. We reached Messina the twenty second of April. This is one of the finest harbors in Europe. The city extends along the water's edge about two miles, in the form of a crescent. It presents a fine appearance

as seen from the steamer's deck. The town and mountains in the back ground, rise like an amphitheatre. The white stone houses and paved streets contrast finely with the dark, luxuriant, cone-shaped hills in the rear. The streets are at right angles, paved with square blocks of lava, and as smooth as the house floor.

Its chief exports are oranges, lemons, wines, olives, oil, and silk. The harbor is well defended by a citadel and two strong forts, on the hill-side, above the town.

It was a pleasant day when we steamed out of the harbor, and through the straits of Messina, between Scylla and Charybdis described in the *Odyssey*. The straits are only two miles wide; the shores with constantly varying scene, distinctly in sight. Towards evening of the same day we saw Stromboli. The mountain rises abruptly from the sea, is very steep and composed entirely of lava. The smoke rising from the top spread out, forming an umbrella-shaped cloud above it. We passed very near its base. Being in the great highway of commerce, it would be dangerous but that it is, as Carlton says, "A natural light-house." We watched it a long time after dark, and every few minutes a faint flash of light could be seen.

## XXIII.

### IN NAPLES.

ABOUT noon, the next day after passing Stromboli, we reached Naples. As we entered the bay, Mount Vesuvius was nearly before us. The smoke as if poured forth from a chimney, floated away on the wind, and lay



A VIEW NEAR NAPLES.

on the horizon like a cloud. In a few moments we entered the harbor. The city forms a semicircle around the bay and extends back over the hill.

Leaving the most of our baggage to be forwarded to Basle, what we landed with, was readily passed by the custom house officers. Having secured rooms at the Globe Hotel, we started out sight-seeing. Our guide called a carriage, and took us through the grotto to Puteoli, where St. Paul landed on his way to Rome. Here is one end of the road, and in Rome they show the other,—the very road or narrow paved path, over which they declare that Paul walked, and it may be true. Our way lay through a tunnel about half a mile in length, cut through the mountain, forming an outlet for the travel going west of Naples. It is broad enough for carriages to pass and leave room for a side-walk,—or rather foot passengers, as there is no side-walk or protection for those who walk.

The rock through which it is cut, is soft tufa, and the work may have been accomplished with much less difficulty than one would naturally think. The interior is dimly lighted, and through it is constantly poured a stream of donkeys, foot passengers, and carriages. The little round light at the farther end, constantly expanding as you approach, is a curious and interesting sight.

On our return, we ascended a hill near the end of the tunnel to visit Virgil's grave. Leaving the thoroughfare, crowded with pas-

sengers and vehicles, we got the key and a guide from a blacksmith's shop, and commenced the ascent of a steep hill. The narrow path winds among fruit trees, patches of mustard, and peas, just now in bloom and filling the air with fragrance.

The hill is covered with vines and fruit trees, and commands one of the finest views in this lovely region. Before us is the city and bay of Naples, with its shipping and islands; in the distance Vesuvius, the smoke curling up and floating away. At the foot of Vesuvius are the ruins of Herculaneum buried sixty, and in some places, ninety feet below the surface, now covered with a thriving town. Sorrento lies nestled among the hills, upon the east side of the bay. Every spot has its memories of events and men from *Æneas* down. The beauty of the place has always made it a great resort for pleasure-seekers. Here Augustus gave his unrivaled feasts, and Nero planned the murder of his mother. Here Brutus retired upon a little island after killing *Cæsar*. In the mouth of the harbor is *Capri*, where *Tiberius Cæsar* lived when his life was no longer safe in Rome. Here he indulged in all the excesses of voluptuousness and sensuality of which he was capable. Here are now the remains of his baths, temples and palaces, and, yes-

terday coming into the harbor, we passed the precipice, seven hundred feet high, from which the victims of his passions were hurled into the sea.

Inspired by all this beauty, Cicero and Virgil wrote. Here Paul landed and walked over the same pavement we tread to-day, and here, but a few yards from where we stand, are buried the mortal remains of that prince of Latin poets, Virgil. His grave is a little over the brow of the hill, in a quiet nook, as beautiful a spot as could be selected for a poet's last resting place.

As we stood by his grave it brought up pleasant memories of school-boy days, when his matchless poems were our text books.

The spot where Virgil rests is marked by a columbarium over a white slab. The structure is of masonry, "shattered by time and overgrown with myrtle." Upon the slab is the well known inscription:—

"Mantua me genuit : Calabri rapuere : tenet nunc  
Parthenope : Cecini pascua, rura, duces."

Retracing our steps down the hill we rode back to town, passing the public park, or *Villa Reale* which presented a gay and lively appearance. It opens upon the bay with the town rising in the rear. It is 2000 yards in length, and the walks are adorned with parterres, fountains, statuary and orange trees.



A band was playing, and the wealth and fashion of the city were gathered there, sitting in their elegant carriages or sauntering along the gravelled walks among the shrubbery and flowers. The horses and carriages seemed the finest we had ever seen.

## XXIV.

### VESUVIUS AND THE BURIED CITIES.

WE completed our preparations over night, in order to start for Vesuvius early in the morning. One may go on the railroad to a point near the foot of the mountain, and thence ride donkeys, or go on foot. We preferred to take a carriage to the Hermitage, and accompanied by our own guide walk from there. Portici is four miles from Naples, and the drive through the city and along the road that winds round the bay is very pleasant. Houses line the road on both sides, forming one continuous street. Resina and Portici are two villages covering the site of ancient Herculaneum, which lies imbedded in the solid, rock-like lava from sixty to one hundred feet below the present streets. After it had been buried, nearly 1600 years, it was

accidentally discovered by a man who, when sinking a well, fell into an open space which proved to be the theatre. The excavations are all under ground ; but we descended by a winding stair-case, and walked through the streets and houses of this ancient city. A guide, torch in hand, pointed out the objects of interest, the seats and stage of a large theatre, etc. In one of the walls, we saw the impression made by a skeleton whether a prisoner in chains, or how it happened, we could not learn, but he had apparently died and been buried in the solid rock in a standing posture ! Captives were found in chains in the prison, and this may have been one of them.

Passing through the village of Resina, which almost joins Portici, we were beset with a crowd of men and boys, offering their services as guides, or seeking to sell stout canes to assist us in climbing the mountain. But the carriage passed on, and venders of canes and fruit, beggars and guides, were left far behind. After leaving the village, the road winds through cultivated fields up the mountain. The old lava has become disintegrated and forms a rich soil, where we saw grape-vines and mulberry trees growing in great luxuriance. Hedges of hawthorn and patches of beans in full bloom, filled

the air with delicate fragrance. From the time we left the noise and bustle of the village, we distinctly heard the explosions of Vesuvius, booming like a gun, and looking up, the lava could be seen shooting into the air two hundred feet above its top. The guide assured us that it was unusually active and that few travellers saw such a sight.

The road winds in a zigzag course up the hill, and every turn reveals enchanting views, "in which vineyard and tower, city and land, water and island, ship and distant sea" commingle.

In half or three-quarters of an hour we reached the Hermitage. Here are two buildings; one is a place of entertainment, the other the Royal Observatory, a good, substantial structure of the light colored stucco, so common here. These buildings stand upon a ridge or spur of the mountain, and the streams of lava have flowed down on both sides within a few years, destroying every trace of vegetation, though the ridge itself is covered with grass and shrubs. Prof. Parmieri has charge of the observatory, and remains at his post recording observations during the most violent eruptions. Here we left the carriage, and for the time, rejecting the kind offers of numerous lazy Italians who proffered their services as guides, at ex-

orbitant rates, we took the narrow path leading across fields of lava to the foot of the cone. With the exception of the ridge alluded to, fields of gray and blackened lava greet the eye in every direction covering all the ground, and leaving not a vestige of vegetation. One is puzzled to account for the windings, twistings and convolutions, and especially for the ridges, where it has been piled up in places several feet high. But, looking carefully, you can see how it moved slowly along constantly cooling in front and on the surface; while that behind and beneath still hot, pressed the cooling mass on and sometimes piled it up in ridges and hillocks, or it rolled over and over upon itself, or was dammed up, only to gather new force and move on, carrying devastation into the valley below.

From the Hermitage to the base of the cone, about a mile, you walk over "loose and lumpy masses of black slag which have been thrown from the volcano like bombs from a mortar." At the foot of the cone, you engage a guide, to assist you in the rough and rugged ascent. You go up a zigzag path at an inclination of thirty or forty degrees, holding fast to a rope or strap attached to your guide's belt. The rough pieces of lava, of all sizes and shapes, roll and slip beneath your feet, and sometimes you

feel in danger of going topsy-turvy to the bottom.

We spent an hour and a half in climbing, slipping back and occasionally sitting upon a block of lava, looking up at the mountain-top, smoking, and every few minutes discharging the red hot lava in the air with a tremendous explosion; or contrasting the desolation immediately around, with the verdure and beauty of the hills and vales below.

At length we reached the summit, with the full conviction that the ascent of Vesuvius is a daring adventure.

But attaining what was imagined to be the top of the mountain, we find that the crater, which is composed of ashes and cinders, rises still higher, one hundred or one hundred and fifty feet.

We were now in such close proximity that the sight was grand and terrific beyond description. The explosions came with greater frequency and with terrible violence, sending large quantities of molten lava some two hundred feet into the air. It turned black before commencing its descent, and was borne by the wind in our direction, falling not far from where we stood. Sometimes a piece as large as one's head would fall directly where we were standing. But it was easy to see where it would strike, and to step aside; still

Mrs. Farnham was terrified, the children cried, and one started to run down the mountain. It required a little tact to re-marshal our forces and direct their faces to the goal—the top of the crater.

A friend who had visited Vesuvius, urged us by all means to go to the top. He said the guides would try to intimidate us, in order to save themselves the trouble of climbing the crater, or to get more money; but if we stopped at the base we should miss the best part.

Remembering our friend's advice, and having no idea that what we saw was an unusual sight, or that we were upon the eve of a fearful eruption, we could not give up the idea of going to the *top*.

We knew nothing of our danger and little thought that before we should leave the mountain, the place where we then stood would be covered with red hot lava, and that within a few hours the side of the mountain would burst asunder, at that very spot.

It was evident the lava all came from the western side of the crater and that the wind was from the east, bringing it towards us,—that, if we went round to the southern or eastern side we might, without exposure, ascend from the opposite side and stand upon the topmost edge. The guides pronounced



it impossible, and other travellers, standing by, said it was too hazardous. "You can expose your own life," said they, "but you have no *right* to expose the lives of your wife and children." It began to look serious. But we had come to Naples expressly to see Vesuvius, and from Naples to the top of the mountain to accomplish our purpose, and were not to be diverted by trifles, when so near the attainment of our object.

Although the guides refused to accompany us, the ascent was made without much difficulty, and we stood upon the topmost edge. We found the old crater resembled an immense bowl perhaps two or three hundred yards in diameter. From our feet outward it was composed of ashes descending at an angle of about forty degrees. On the inside it was nearly perpendicular, covered with a sulphurous powder, smoking slightly and burning in places around the edges; on the northeast this rim had been torn away, and, walking round to that part, we descended to the centre of the old crater which was now extinct. Looking down still farther than it was possible for us to descend, the mouth seemed choked up and emitted no smoke.

But upon the western edge of this rim there were five new craters, one of which was very active. We watched its boiling,

seething surface. Sometimes it overflowed, and a large piece would roll down into the old crater, gathering up the cinders as it went. Then after a few minutes intermission, there was an explosion, greatly agitating the melted matter, and throwing much of it into the air, a part always falling back into the mouth of the crater, to be melted and boiled and shot out again.

We are at an altitude of upwards of 4000 feet, and enjoying a view of unsurpassed loveliness. In this region is the scenery of Virgil's *Æneid*; the River Styx and Lake Avernus, the Sibyl's Caves and Elysian Fields. Pompeii though six miles distant, seems close to the base.

"The descent is easy." You go down with great speed over another path from that which you ascended with so much difficulty. You sink into the ashes up to your knees, and sliding, skipping, hopping, and jumping, in five or ten minutes reach the foot of the cone, which you had been more than an hour in climbing.

On looking back, we were surprised to see there had been an eruption, and the melted lava was flowing down the mountain over the path we had gone up a few hours before. As we rode towards Naples, the lava was seen creeping down the mountain side. The eruption had been seen at Naples, and the

road was full of parties on foot and in carriages, going from the city in that direction.



VESUVIUS BY NIGHT.

In the evening the sight was very grand. The top of the mountain seemed all ablaze, while the melted lava poured forth through

four craters, running down the mountain like four streams of fire. During the next day, a new crater broke out perhaps a hundred feet lower down than the four or five described. The melted matter thus finding vent, came rushing down the mountain with great violence, surrounding and enveloping many of the spectators. Over how many, these red hot streams flowed, it is impossible to say. Some say, at least one hundred lost their lives, while thousands in the villages below were forced to fly from their homes with scarcely a moment's warning.

The eruption which destroyed Pompeii occurred A. D. 79. Six years earlier, the inhabitants were forewarned by a most destructive earthquake; (but they heeded it not, and continued to live in the grossest immorality as is plainly shown by the relics recently discovered.) At length the black smoke belched from the crater, attended by portentous rumbling noises; then came the showers of ashes, cinders and stones. In two short hours all was over. Herculaneum, Stabiae and Pompeii were no more.

"The younger Pliny, who witnessed it, states that about one o'clock in the day, he saw a strange cloud overhanging the plain of Naples, like a huge pine-tree shooting up to a great height and stretching out its branches. This

singular cloud, which seemed to be composed of earth and cinders, excited his curiosity, and he embarked in a boat to cross the bay and examine into it. As he approached the coast, the red-hot cinders and stones fell into the boat, and he was obliged to retreat. He proceeded to Stabie to spend the night with a friend, but before morning they were driven to the fields by the shaking of the house.

The morning came, but it brought no relief. One shock of earthquake succeeded another, as if the foundations of the world were giving way. The sea receded from the shore. The mountain poured forth a mass of flame and burning rock, and the cloud of cinders spread over the bay and over the land. They attempted again to escape to a safer distance, and joined the crowd that was surging onward. Pliny's father had already perished. He led his mother by the hand, and fearing she would be pressed to death, proposed to step aside and suffer the crowd to pass by. He says: 'We had scarcely stepped out of the path when darkness overspread us—not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up and all the lights are extinguished. Nothing was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for



their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of



A STREET IN POMPEII.

his family; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come,



which was to destroy the gods and the world together.”

The ashes which overwhelmed Pompeii have now been removed, revealing much of the city as it was the day it was destroyed. Here you may walk through the streets, visit the Theatre, Forum, Court of Justice, Amphitheatre, Public Baths, etc. etc. The shops of the baker, money changer, and other merchants, are recognized by the inscriptions cut in stone. Many of the walls of the rooms are covered with frescoes, in excellent preservation.

Specimens of sculpture and painting, coin, jewelry, etc., are collected in the museum in Naples. Among other curios, are pills from the apothecary shop, and loaves of bread, left in the oven nearly eighteen hundred years ago.

Florelli, appointed by Victor Emmanuel, to take charge of the excavations, discovered a process by which he took a cast of many of the victims. He found the bodies had decayed, leaving in the hardened ashes a mould, the exact shape and size of the person. Into this cavity he poured plaster of Paris and got a perfect cast of the body, giving the lineaments and expression of the face at the moment of death. By this process, after eighteen centuries, the forms of the victims are reproduced. Florelli has thirty or forty of

these tell-tale casts. In nearly every case there is an expression of suffering.



PLASTER CASTS OF POMPEIANS.

One young girl, however, in the flush of health, her form modeled free from rigidity, appears to have died without a struggle. One of her hands is half open, as if holding her veil. There are the sleeves to her wrists, the needle work on her sandals, the rents in her clothing, the bared shoulder and half-naked bosom, as she lay in her last swoon. She had covered her mouth with her tunic, to keep out the choking ashes, and she fell in running—her face to the ground. No strength was left to rise. In her effort for recovery

she put out her arm, her head dropped upon it, and she died.

There is in Naples one of the most remarkable cemeteries in the world. It is situated on a hill outside of the city, and enclosed by a high wall on three sides, with a long building on the fourth. There are three hundred and sixty-five vaults, one for each day in the year. Early each morning, one of these vaults is opened, and the dead of the previous day are thrown in. A little lime is cast upon the uncoffined bodies, and the stone slab, that covers the mouth, is adjusted and sealed up till the same day the following year. During the day the bodies are brought, without coffin, and deposited in boxes in the building on one side of the enclosure. Of course only the very poor find such sepulture.

## XXV.

### NAPLES TO ROME.

PART of our last day at Naples was spent in the museum. Its chief attractions are collections from Herculaneum and Pompeii.

In leaving this city, we ride for the first time over a European, railway. The station in Naples is a large and beautiful building. The waiting room is frescoed, and paved

with blocks of black and white marble, and handsomely furnished. Though travellers are likely to miss many conveniences found in American cars, yet the railway system is very perfect throughout Europe. There are separate waiting rooms for first, second, and third class passengers. The doors between these rooms and the cars, are locked till just before the train starts, when the passengers, showing their tickets, are directed to the part of the train they are to occupy. The guard then takes them in charge. The car is divided by partitions across it, into small rooms with a door on each side. There are two seats across the car on each side of this little room, with windows at each end. The room accommodates eight or ten persons, being upholstered, according to the class of the car. Of course half of the passengers ride backwards.

This arrangement, however, facilitates entering and leaving the car, and is quite economical of space. Arrived at the station, you surrender your ticket as you pass to the waiting room or street. The cars contain no stoves, but in cold weather, cans of hot water are placed near the traveller's feet. It is one hundred and forty miles from Naples to Rome. The road gives you a fair specimen of the scenery of Southern Italy. There are

no isolated farm houses, but the inhabitants are clustered together in little villages so compact, as to remind you of slices of a dense city, cut off and stuck upon the hill-sides at convenient distances. They are thus huddled together, for mutual protection against robbers.

It was half past eight in the evening when we reached Rome. Riding through the streets to the Hotel de Globe, it was hard to realize we were indeed in the Rome of which we had heard and read so much, and so longed to see; and it was never much better realized during the whole week of our stay. The Seven hills are but slight elevations, and are hard to make out, even from the top of the capitol, and with the aid of a guide book.

You look in vain for the grandeur of broad avenues and stately palaces. Rome is a city of narrow, filthy streets. There are but two streets in the whole city that have side-walks, and anywhere else, these would be considered narrow and mean looking. Any one undertaking to walk in the streets, does so at the risk of falling on the rough pavement of volcanic rock, slippery with filth, or being run over by carts and carriages. The shops are dark, unattractive places, with no light except what enters at the doors.

The palaces seen from the outside, look more like prisons than anything else.

We spent a week riding every day from one point to another; lingering long in St. Peter's, and visiting it several times, climbing to the ball under the cross 438 feet from the pavement.

St. Peter's is the largest church in Rome, perhaps in the world. It is estimated that fifty thousand people can be gathered within its walls, that is standing, for it has no seats.

It is incomparably the most magnificent building in the world.

The foundations of this majestic pile were laid in 1450, and the erection was in progress during three centuries and a half, extending through the reign of no less than forty three popes.

So enormous was the expense, that Julius II. and Leo X. resorted to the public sale of indulgences to raise the funds; and it is well known that this abomination, roused the indignation of Martin Luther and provoked the Reformation.

The space covered by this cathedral is equal to about eight acres.

On the central pavement of the nave, are marked the measurements of St. Peter's, compared with those of other principal ecclesiastical structures. From this it appears that



the length of these buildings is as follows;—St. Peter's 613 feet; St. Paul's  $520\frac{1}{2}$  feet; Milan Cathedral 443 feet; St. Paul's (Rome)  $419\frac{1}{4}$  feet; St. Sophia's (Constantinople) 360 feet. The diameter of the cupola of St. Peter's is  $195\frac{1}{2}$  feet. The height of the dome, from the pavement to the base of the lantern, is 405 feet, and to the top of the cross outside, it is 448 feet. Thus St. Peter's at Rome exceeds St. Paul's in London by  $93\frac{1}{2}$  feet in length, by 64 feet in height, and by 50 feet in the diameter of the cupola. And it is quite true that St. Paul's could be set within St. Peter's and the highest point of the spire of St. Paul's would be 21 feet below the base of the lantern in St. Peter's.

A horse might be led up the broad spiral staircase which leads to the roof, so gradual and gentle is the ascent.

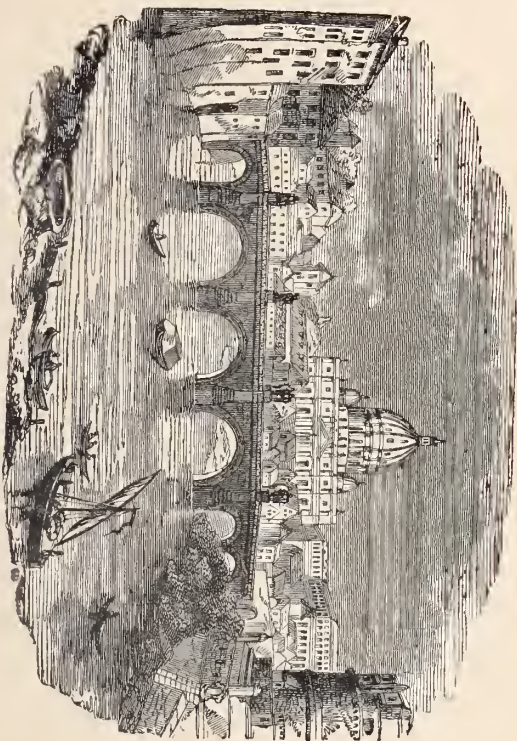
The ball from which the cross rises is copper, eight feet in diameter and large enough to contain sixteen persons.

From this commanding position, all Rome lies spread out before you, bounded by the Apennines and Alban Hills on one side, and the Mediterranean sea on the other.

St. Paul's is said to be erected over the tomb of the apostle whose name it bears, and who was beheaded by order of Nero.

When brought the second time before that

A BRIDGE OVER THE TIBER—ROME.





tyrant, aware of his condemnation, the venerable apostle wrote his second epistle to Timothy, which was probably his last.

He writes, "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand . . . . At my first answer (viz. before Nero) no man stood with me. . . I was delivered out of the mouth of the lion.

Writing to the Philippians he says, "The things which have happened to me, have fallen out rather to the furtherance of the gospel, so that my bonds for Christ are manifest in all the palace."

This extension of the gospel, into the very palace of Caesar, it is said, provoked him to put Paul to death.

The old Forum has been laid bare, and we often passed it. Here Cicero delivered his eloquent orations; here Julius Caesar fell, and here he was eulogized by Mark Antony. But a few steps away, is the famous arch of Titus erected to commemorate the triumphal entry of Titus into Rome, when he returned from the destruction of Jerusalem; and the bas relief represents the procession, in which are borne the sacred vessels taken from the temple. The table of shewbread, the silver trumpets used by the priests, the golden candlestick with its seven branches, are all seen, corresponding exactly with the

Bible descriptions. Upon this panel the old Roman sculptor has left us the only "visible representation that exists" of these sacred vessels. No Jew ever passes beneath this arch, though it is erected over one of the most frequented streets. It is a memorial of the destruction of their temple and city and they will not acknowledge their subjugation by passing beneath it.

We saw all the most noted churches, the yellow Tiber and Tarpeian rock, the palace of the Cæsars, the baths and the catacombs, the palace of Victor Immamel and the Vatican, numerous galleries of paintings and other works of art, etc.

The catacombs we visited, are on the Appian way a mile or two outside the city walls. In a grassy field, among beautiful beds of roses in full bloom, you descend into the earth by means of a narrow staircase. The guide with lighted torch led the way, and took us by a narrow passage many feet under ground, through the most intricate windings. Upon each side, as you walk along, are the cavities once occupied by the dead. There were numerous inscriptions on marble, marking these spots, but the slabs have been removed to the Vatican. The rock is tufa, a soft volcanic formation, easily excavated.

We passed several small rooms, and a

THE CATACOMBS.







chapel, wandering on till the thought that some accident might befall us or our guide, made us fear to go further. As we have since learned, our fears were not groundless; besides the danger of losing your way, the top sometimes falls in, blocking up the passage and cutting off all hope of escape.

Of those who go in, a number never come out. "Several years since, fifteen or twenty youth connected with one of the colleges of Rome, accompanied by a teacher, descended with candles, taking the usual precautions to secure their safe return to the light of day, but not one of them ever came out to tell the fate of the rest. They either lost their way, and wandered on in hope of finding the path that would lead them back, until compelled by exhaustion to lie down and die, or the fall of the earth on the path they had taken, cut off their escape. Long and diligent search was made, but to this day nothing is known of how, or where in the vast labyrinth they were overtaken by death. The imaginations of those who go down into those dark recesses, picture many a fearful scene, which no words have power to express.

Later still, an artist entered the Catacombs alone, providing himself with a ball of twine, which he unwound as he wandered on, until he became absorbed with the records and

recollections of other days. When he came to himself, the slender thread that bound him to the outer world was missing; with his dim taper he searched for it in vain: at last the light grew dim, and was then extinguished. In the horror of despair, he groped from one passage to another, until at last he stumbled in the darkness, and, in his struggles, his hand caught the thread which brought him back to the world."

One day we drove out to the Church of St. John Lateran. The Chapter of this church still takes precedence of that of St. Peter's; here all the popes are crowned. In a chapel, near by, is the *Santa Scala*, a marble staircase, brought from Jerusalem, and said to be that by which the Saviour descended, when he left Pilate's judgment hall.

It was when Luther was ascending these stairs upon his knees, as we see poor deluded souls to-day, that a voice seemed to say to him, "*The just shall live by faith.*" And bounding from the half ascended *Santa Scala*, he went forth, with the spirit that enkindled the Reformation.

In the Church of Capuchin is a celebrated picture of St. Michael, Vanquishing Satan. We did not stop to look at it long, but intimated our desire to see the vaults below. The attendant monk nodded assent, and mo-

tioned us to go outside. He descended and admitted us through a side door to a most horrible spectacle.

Along the eastern side of the lower story of the church, extended a long hall divided into six compartments. These open on an avenue running the whole length, so that the visitor can walk leisurely, and examine in detail, what Mark Twain calls "the upholstering" of every apartment. The walls of each room are decorated with entirely different designs, and these elaborate frescoes, branches and leaves, twining vines, petals, and tendrils are all composed of human bones! In the centre of each apartment, are beds of earth brought from Palestine. Here the remains of the monks are deposited at death. After a suitable time has elapsed, they are exhumed, and if the flesh has entirely decayed away, the bones are used to ornament the apartment. Skulls, thigh bones, etc., which do not fall into the design, are piled up in pyramids.

Some old monks, whose skin had shrivelled and dried upon the bones, were dressed in the ordinary black garb of the priests, and reclined upon a stack of thigh bones, or stood in a little alcove highly ornamented with bone frescoing.

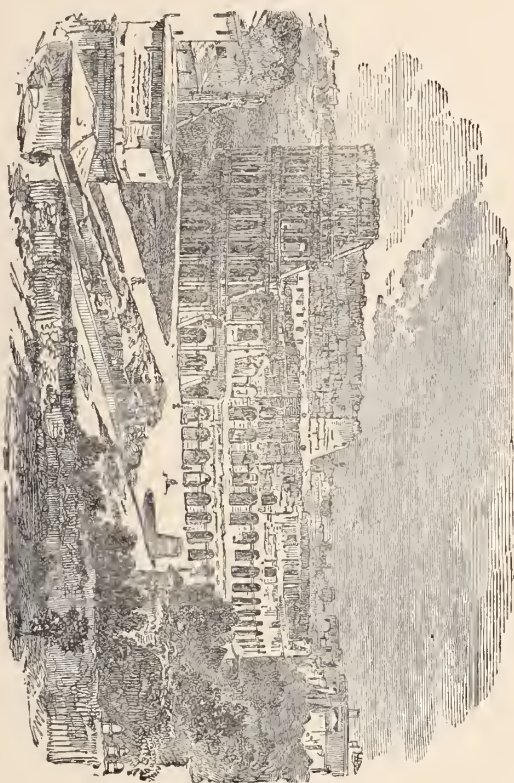
One who has seen these strange sights can never forget the expression of the faces, the

dried and sunken eyes,—the nose wasted away, and the teeth grinning through shrivelled lips.

The Colosseum is one of the most stupendous ruins in existence. It was composed of travertine marble. Three rows of arches, supported by half columns, surrounded it, each row numbering eighty arches, and the edifice terminated by four rows of pillars—the first Doric, the second Ionic, and the third and fourth Corinthian. This immense amphitheatre has a circumference of 1,702 feet and is 163 feet high. There was accommodation for 107,000 spectators. Imagine such an immense congregation assembled to witness the dying agonies of gladiators! This ground upon which we now tread has drunk the blood of many Christian martyrs! Upon this very spot Ignatius was torn in pieces by wild beasts.

In a letter still extant, and ascribed to him, we have the following wonderful passage; —“Let fire and the cross; let the companies of the wild beasts; let breaking of bones and tearing of members; let the scattering in pieces of the whole body, and all the wicked torments of the devil come upon me; only let me enjoy Jesus Christ. I would rather die for Jesus Christ, than rule to the utmost ends of the Earth.”

RUINS OF THE COLISEUM, AT ROME.







History says;—"He spent his last days praying for the peace and prosperity of the church. On the 20<sup>th</sup>. of December he was brought out into the amphitheatre, and the lions being let loose upon him, quickly despatched him; leaving nothing but a few bones."

The prison of the apostles is under the church of St. Guiseppe dé Falegnami. It consists of two chambers one over the other, excavated in the rock. In the centre of the vault is a hole through which it is said the prisoners were let down. A more horrible place it is difficult to imagine.

The castle of St. Angelo is a massive circular tower 987 feet in circumference. As you cross one of the bridges over the Tiber, it is directly in front. It contains the remains of many of the Roman Emperors. In the year 1500 it was repaired and connected with the Vatican by a covered gallery.

The Vatican used to be the winter residence of the popes. But since the downfall of the papal power, the pope has retired to this palace where he claims to be a prisoner.\*

This palace certainly existed as early as the eighth century, for Charlemagne resided in it at his coronation.

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\* Since deceased.

The Vatican with the church of St. Peter, the coloumade and Fountains, all adjoining, cover twenty acres of land. In the palace there are eight grand staircases, and two hundred smaller ones; 20 courts and 4,422 rooms.

Of the numerous remains of heathen temples in Rome, the Pantheon is in the best state of preservation, and a splendid monument of antiquity. It was built by Agrippa 27 B. C. About six hundred years afterwards, it was consecrated as a church. The portico is 110 feet long, and supported by sixteen columns of oriental granite, each composed of a single block, with beautiful capitals. They are forty-six feet long, and fifteen in circumference. The Pantheon is circular, 143 feet in diameter and the same in height. The walls are unbroken by window or other aperture, and the only light admitted is through a round opening in the cupola, 27 feet in diameter.

Says Dr. Prime. "One can look up and see the clouds floating by, or gaze into the blue ether, while the lower world is shut out by walls which no earthly sounds can penetrate. The poetry and sublimity of this conception for a temple may be imagined. It excludes all things terrestrial—opens heaven alone to the worshiper, and that, too, without any intervening medium."

One should not leave Rome without seeing Guido's Beatrice Cenci. This celebrated picture is in the gallery of the Palace Barberini. Some say it was taken the night before her execution, other accounts state that Guido painted it from memory, after he had seen her mount the scaffold. The poet Shelley says of this picture;—

“She seems sad, and stricken down in spirit, yet the despair thus expressed is lightened by the patience of gentleness. Her head is bound with folds of white drapery, from which the yellow strings of her golden hair escape, and fall about her neck. The moulding of her face is exquisitely delicate; the eye-brows are distinct and arched; the lips have that permanent meaning of imagination and sensibility, which suffering has not repressed, and which it seems as if death scarcely could extinguish. Her forehead is large and clear; her eyes, which we are told were remarkable for their vivacity, are swollen with weeping, and lustreless, but beautifully tender and serene. In the whole mien there is simplicity and dignity, which, united with her exquisite loveliness and deep sorrow, are inexpressibly pathetic. Beatrice Cenci appears to have been one of those rare persons, in whom energy and gentleness dwell together, without destroying one another:

her nature was simple and profound. The crimes and miseries in which she was an actor, and *a sufferer*, are as the mask and the mantle in which circumstances clothed her for her impersonation on the scene of the world." The terrible tragedy which has invested this picture with such peculiar interest took place at the Castle of Petrella.

## XXVI.

### FLORENCE, BOLOGNA, AND TURIN.

THE Railway from Rome to Florence lies along the foot of the Appenines, and so often passes through spurs of this range, that you seem half the time under ground. Emerging from the tunnels, beautiful prospects, or wild and sublime scenery breaks upon the view.

Shall we see the world renowned tower of Pisa, and the cathedral at Milan, or go through Florence and see its wonderful works of art? When about to decide in favor of the former route, a friend advised us by all means to go by the way of Florence, and we do not regret taking his advice.

Florence is beautifully situated upon both sides of the Arno and surrounded by hills. It is not, however, confined to the valley, but extends back over the hills, "the whole region

glittering with villages and country houses, which crown the summits and nestle in the valleys."

Florence is the literary and artistic capital of Italy, and is deservedly styled the Italian Athens. No other city possesses, within such narrow limits, so many artistic treasures. In the Tribune and Pitti palace are works of art that rival the best in Rome.

The Tribune is octagonal, paved with precious marbles and surmounted with a cupola, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and contains many gems of art. Among the numerous masterpieces here brought together we may notice, the Venus de' Medici, The Grinder, The Wrestlers and The Dancing Faun. In the art gallery of the Pitti Palace we spent more time before "The Madonna della Seggiola" than any other one picture, and turned back to take another look, again and again. It was the one thing we most wished to see in Florence, and can never regret making the pilgrimage. Some good judges say there is a sweetness and a divine expression upon the face of the infant Redeemer, which none of the copies or engravings have caught.

We drove about the city, seeing the principal sights, among which may be mentioned the Sante Croce, where rest the ashes of Galileo. Beneath the same roof is the tomb



of Dante, though his remains are not in it. We also visited Powers's studio and his son's gallery.

In these studios we learn some of the secrets of the sculptor's art. It seems that the great artist forms his model in clay, and turns it over to an assistant who, has perhaps less skill in moulding the clay but is able to use the chisel. This workman by careful measurement brings the rough marble into the exact shape of the clay model. The artist realizes his ideal by selection. The brow of one person, the neck of another, the arm of a third, suits his idea of beauty; and he may employ twenty or more persons to sit, before he has finished a single model.

The Florentine mosaics are the choicest in the world, and we spent a part of the last day admiring them, and selecting a few specimens.

Near sun set we ascended one of the hills, and beheld the city, when the golden sunlight kindled upon spire and dome, turret and tower. The Arno glides silently beneath the graceful arches, and on the slopes of the mountains, beautiful villas gleam white in the sunlight, mid the silver leaves of the olive groves.

A few hours ride in the cars, and we are in Bologna. The gallery here contains many of Guido's paintings. His Crucifixion is said



FLORENCE,



to combine more dignity, pathos and truth than any other artist has been able to throw upon the canvas in connection with this subject. We now learn, for the first time, that Pisa has not monopolized the leaning towers; Bologna boasts more than one.



LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

From Bologna we go to Turin. It is a fine spring day; the fruit trees are in bloom, and the country is looking fresh and beautiful. Here are no wild forests, but the trees are planted out in rows across the fields, and grapes are cultivated between them, the

vines stretching from tree to tree. The cattle are not turned into pastures, but tethered in the fields, and barns are connected with the houses as sheds or wings. The winters are so short and mild that the cattle probably graze nearly all winter. The barns certainly seem too small to contain much hay. The white capped mountains have been in sight nearly all day, and the scenery very beautiful.

On reaching Turin, we found ourselves in one of the finest stations we had ever seen. The immense roof is composed entirely of iron and glass, after the style of the Crystal palace in London.

The Waldensian church has its centre in Turin. We spent the Sabbath here and listened to the Rev. T. P. Meille, preaching in French, to a large and interested congregation. His eloquent tones sent home to the heart the little we could understand, and made our very souls thrill with Christian sympathy. Living amidst great ignorance and vice, these people are the representatives of that noble band, who preserved their integrity during the dark ages, preferring death to dishonor.

After sermon, Mr. Meille invited us to go and see a traveller, who was lying sick and apparently dying. He was an American





ARMORIAL HALL.





and from the State of Pennsylvania. We found him too weak to talk much, but glad to hear the Bible read and join in prayer. He expressed his resignation to the will of the Lord, and seemed prepared to die.

The River Po runs along the eastern side of the city, and is crossed by two pretty bridges. On the opposite side are hills covered with villas and religious establishments. The top of these hills commands a fine view of the city and country around. We started for a ride to include this view, but the driver was under the influence of strong drink, and, accidentally or on purpose, omitted ascending the hill. Though we repeated the sentence as taught us in Italian, and with extravagant gestures, we were still unable to make him understand.

Kossuth is spending the decline of life, in this beautiful locality, but we did not have the pleasure of seeing him. We secured some specimens of the filligree work, made here in such perfection, and spent a pleasant half day strolling through one of the great museums of the world. In an Armorial Hall, connected with the museum, are numerous mounted effigies clad in various styles of armor.

The next day we were ready to cross the mountains, or rather to pass through them, into Switzerland.

## XXVII.

### THROUGH MONT CENIS TUNNEL TO GENEVA.

THE Alps form a natural boundary between France, Switzerland, and the Tyrol on the North, and Italy on the South.

There are numerous passes over these mountains. Mont Cenis and the St. Gothard both attract us. If you select the latter, you may go from Milan by rail to Lake Como, thence by steamer through the lake, and by *diligence* to the Swiss side of the Alps. By this route one must be prepared with winter clothing, or he cannot endure the cold of the upper region where he may have a day or two among snow-drifts.

Being provided with clothes suitable only for spring weather, we abandon all thought of a route that otherwise would have been most desirable.

We do not so much regret being shut up to



Railway over Mont Cenis.



Mont Cenis, since we shall see the tunnel, one of the greatest achievements of science the world has witnessed.

For sometime after leaving Turin, our way lay through the finely cultivated fields, which cover the level plateau of upper Italy. But it is soon evident, that we are leaving the plain and entering the mountains. The road winds along the banks of a stream, fed by the glaciers and fathomless snow-beds of the upper regions. We shoot through tunnels, and toil up steep grades, and round high cliffs, till we are in the snow region; and look down upon the road or village far below, and almost perpendicularly beneath us. The houses, men, and donkeys seem dwarfed to the size of a child's toys. It is a beautiful, clear day, and the mists recede before us, and the air constantly grows colder, as the train, with two engines, is impelled onward and upward.

After several hours amidst this beautiful and sublime Alpine scenery, the engines stop at the entrance to the great tunnel. The pause affords the hands connected with the train, an opportunity to see that all is in order. The tunnel is eight miles long, and the train occupies about twenty minutes in passing through it. An asthmatic passenger in our car, wished the windows carefully



closed ; but it is said that the air is pure, and no inconvenience is experienced from the smoke, if the windows are open.

Crossing the Alps in fine cars, is a very different experience from that of Napoleon and his army, when they wound through these defiles, and climbed these rugged cliffs.

We quickly glide down the other side, and at the first station in France, meet the passport and custom service nuisance. We presented our luggage to be *rummaged* as much as they pleased ; handing the officer a franc to expedite matters, and pay him for his *trouble*, he immediately passed it, putting a chalk mark upon each package. It is perfectly wonderful, to see how a little money greases the wheels of government. We arrived in Geneva late in the evening. The scenery we have passed through has been as remarkable and varied as could be seen in one day ; picturesque, beautiful, quiet and sublime.

Geneva is situated on the southern shore of the lake of the same name.\* Pretty little steamers ply on the lake, making regular excursions daily.

Its beautiful natural scenery, salubrious

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\* Also called Lake Lemman. It is crescent shaped and the largest lake in Switzerland being about 40 miles long and six miles wide.



NAPOLEON CROSSING THE ALPS.



climate, good institutions of learning, and healthy moral atmosphere, make Geneva one of the most desirable places for a residence in the world. Here lived the Empress Josephine, Voltaire, Milton, and Byron; Gibbon, the historian, lived near by, at Lausanne. Calvin and Sir Humphrey Davy are buried here.

In clear weather, Mont Blanc is seen towering above the other high mountains of this mountainous region, lifting his head to the very clouds from which he is sometimes hardly distinguishable, and among which his head is nearly always hid. During the day we watched it constantly, and were repaid by a glimpse of his loftiest peak. For a brief moment the veil of clouds was swept away, and Mont Blanc stood before us in all his awful sublimity and grandeur!

To-day we have taken a carriage, and spent several hours visiting some of the most interesting localities. We drove to a point where the blue waters of the Rhone, after passing through the lake, mingle with the muddy water of the Arve, fresh from the glaciers. The streams run side by side for a little distance, and the lines of separation between the blue and white water, may be traced far below the point of junction. At length the muddy Arve gains the mastery, and the

Rhone once polluted, never regains its purity.

We passed the château where the Empress Josephine lived after her divorce. This spot commands a fine view of Mont Blanc.

Geneva has long been noted for its extensive manufactories of watches, musical boxes, and jewelry. One hundred thousand watches are turned out annually.

## XXVIII.

### BASLE, STRASBURG, AND MAYENCE.

ON the ninth of May we travelled from Geneva to Basle. The train left at half past eleven, and reached Basle at eight in the evening, giving us a day among the charming scenery of Switzerland.

Our way lies through Lausanne, Freyburg and Berne. At first the road skirts the western shore of Lake Lemman, giving us a view of this beautiful sheet of water, with the white capped Alps in the distance.

The country is hilly, and on the eastern slopes, vines are cultivated, in rows about three feet apart. The old stumps are a foot high, and the one or two branches allowed to grow are tied to upright sticks three or four feet high; the leaves are just beginning to appear.

The vineyards and well cultivated fields, the pretty Swiss cottages, with their projecting eaves, hill and dale, forest and grove, rill and stream, village and town, all seemed to fly past, as we sat at the window of the car, and enjoyed the ever varying and beautiful panorama.

Freyburg is situated upon a promontory formed by the windings of the Saane. Many of the houses stand on the very edge of the precipice, overhanging the river. Their quaint architecture, with the singular and romantic features of the gorge, gives to the town an imposing and picturesque appearance.

The river Aar sweeps through and around Berne, flowing at the bottom of a deep gully, with steep sides. The city stands upon an elevated platform, about seventeen hundred feet above the sea. The houses are nearly all built of massive stone, giving them an appearance of great solidity.

From Berne the language begins to change. The German is spoken instead of the French, which the Swiss speak with such a pleasing accent. The signs on the shops and the notices etc., about the stations, are all in German.

We see a specimen of what is called the "black forest;" the fir tree prevailing, though in places there is a sprinkling of a light green,



mingling with the dark, showing the presence of birch and beech.

The rugged mountain cliffs near Berne remind one of the story of William Tell. The scenes of his exploits are far away to the right.

We see many fine orchards, the buds of the apple and pear trees just bursting into bloom, while other trees are full of open blossoms.

The horse chestnut trees, so abundant in Geneva, are seen all along the route and in full bloom.

We have spent two pleasant weeks in Basle, visiting its old cathedral, ruined castles, museum, and every place of interest. It is a pretty city, with a history reaching far back into the dark ages.

We saw here, for the first time, a ferry propelled across the stream without the aid of rowing, wind, or steam. The current of the Rhine just here is so swift, that a boat attempting to cross, would probably touch the opposite shore a mile or two below. After a few ineffectual attempts, the boatman would naturally make fast to some point far up stream, and by means of a long rope swing himself across. Something of this kind may be seen on the Connecticut river, in New England.

But the Swiss boatman has advanced a

step further; he stretches a large rope from bank to bank across the river. To a pulley, gliding back and forth on this rope, a long line is attached, the other end being made fast to the bow of the boat. With this simple arrangement the boatman has no occasion to row. He simply turns his prow towards the opposite shore, pointing slightly up stream, and it glides across as straight as an arrow.

In nearly all the public squares, throughout Europe, there are beautiful fountains, though there seems a lack of good taste in the arrangement of figures, connected with them. Bronze lions and other animals are introduced, and the water, is altogether too frequently, seen flowing from their mouths. But in an obscure street in Basle we came across a specimen of better taste. It was a bronze figure of a child, holding a bottle, from which the water poured into a trough near the sidewalk.

This is the head quarters of the Basle Mission. The school in which young men are prepared for the work, is a fine institution. Instruction is given in the English language, vocal and instrumental music, and the other sciences.

Chrischona is a similar school, on the manual labor principle. Chrischona, situated on a hill several miles in the country, was formerly a Roman Catholic church. It had not been

used for many years, was deserted and in ruins. A benevolent gentleman, who conceived the idea of a manual labor school, thought it would make a good location. Others came to his assistance, the old church was repaired, and a large tract of land extending over the brow of the hill, secured for cultivation. A house near by, which seemed the only one for miles around, furnishes a home for the teachers and pupils, who all eat at the same table. To reach this place, you take the cars for a few miles and leaving the railroad, follow a wagon track as it winds through the forests up a long steep hill. These students are accustomed to work, and to self denial, before they go forth to labor in various parts of heathendom.

From Basle to Strasburg there is a railroad on each side of the Rhine. The one on the French side makes close connection, though the scenery on the German side is much finer; therefore we chose the latter.

While in Strasburg we attended service in the Cathedral and saw the celebrated clock. It is really a most remarkable piece of mechanism. The machinery, dials and Gothic ornamentation, nearly half fill the nave on the right of the altar. The bell is exposed, and at the proper moment little figures move forward and strike it. Childhood strikes the

first quarter, youth the second, manhood the third, and old age the last. The first stroke of each quarter is struck by one of two genii, seated above the perpetual calendar. The four ages strike the second. Whilst death strikes the hour, the second of these genii turns the hour glass that he holds in his hand.

Above is an image of our Saviour, and at noon, the twelve apostles pass before him, each stopping exactly in front, turns and bows to him, and He lifts up his hands to bless each as he bows. During the passing of the procession, a cock, perched on one of the Gothic pinnacles, flaps his wings, and extending his neck, crows three times with voice and motion true to nature.

The calendar is a perpetual one, showing the various feasts and their connection with Easter or Advent Sundays. The dial is subject to a revolution of 365 or 366 days as the case may be.

There is also an orrery after the Copernican system, representing the revolutions of each of the planets visible to the naked eye, the phases of the moon, the eclipses of the sun and moon; the true time and siderial time; a new celestial globe with the processions of the equinox, solar and lunar equations, for the reduction of the mean geocentric ascen-

sion and declination of the sun and moon; while a dial on the outside of the church shows the hours and days of the week.

During the bombardment of Strasburg, many fears were entertained not only here, but by all who appreciate this wonderful clock, lest it should be injured or destroyed by the heavy cannonade, poured upon the city so long and continuously. The ruins are extensive, and the old cathedral bears the marks of many balls, though not seriously injured, and the clock continued to tick on, performing its myriad functions, as though the French and Germans were as friendly as ever.

The storks are among the queerest sights in Strasburg. They fly lazily over the houses, sit tranquilly on the roofs, and build their nests on the tops of the chimneys. It seems very strange to see these long-legged, long necked awkward looking birds, so much at home in a populous city.

Between Strasburg and Mayence you pass Worms.

The palace, in which Luther defended the faith so boldly, was near the cathedral, which is plainly in sight from the railroad. It will be remembered that Luther was summoned to answer to the charge of heresy. His friends fearing that he would soon perish at

the stake, as others had done, if he allowed himself to fall into the hands of such perfidious enemies, dissuaded him from going. It was on this occasion that he made use of the memorable words; "*Though there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on the roofs of the houses, I would go on.*"

Standing in the presence of Charles the Fifth, his nobles, and the Romish prelates thirsting for his blood, he delivered an able defence of the truth, closing with these words; "Let me, then, be refuted and convinced by the testimony of the Scripture, or by the clearest argument; otherwise I cannot and will not recant, for it is neither safe nor expedient to act against conscience. Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; God help me."

## XXIX.

### DOWN THE RHINE—PARIS.

MAYENCE is a thriving town at the head of navigation on the Rhine.

Here, and at other places on the Rhine, we saw what we had never seen or heard of before; that is, mills built like boats and anchored in the swift current, the wheel that moves the machinery is like the paddle wheel



of a steamer and turned not by steam, but by the motion of the water.

The finest scenery on the Rhine is between Mayence and Cologne.

Among the numerous steamers, there are some resembling those on the Hudson, and called "American Steamers." They are very commodious, clean, and comfortable.

To-day we shall pass the scenery, which more than any other, we have longed to see. The morning is not auspicious, and as we go on board, the rain that has been threatening begins to pour, with the appearance of a rainy day.

It was hard to think of going down the Rhine in such a rain; but hoping it would cease we went on board. There must have been many others of the same mind, for the deck beneath the awning, was quite crowded with passengers. Our hopes were realized, the rain soon ceased, and though not sunny we had a pleasant day.

Bingen is embowered in trees, and seen from the steamer seems worthy of the admiration so universally bestowed upon it.

Thus far the banks have been low and the scenery very beautiful. Further down, the hills rise abruptly from the water's edge. Terraces are carried up one above another, even where it is necessary to support them



BINGEN ON THE RHINE.





KOBLENZ.



with walls. These steepest hills are planted with vines, and cultivated to their tops. Again we come to parts of the river where the scenery is more sublime, and the tops of the hills covered with rocks and shrubbery. By and by they are more sloping, with fields and orchards, extending back as far as you can see. Passing on we come to steep, high banks with sharp pointed rocks. Below Oberwesel the cliffs are nearly perpendicular, and two guns were fired, that the passengers might hear the echoes.

About half way to Cologne, we pass Coblenz. The fort occupies an elevated position on the right bank, and is one of the most impregnable fortresses in Europe. Looking up over the grassy slopes, you would hardly believe, that they might be made to belch forth fire and smoke, from hundreds of mouths, or pour down showers of shot and shell.

With the exception of the high state of cultivation, under which every foot of soil is brought, in these crowded and overtaxed countries, and the ruins of old castles perched upon its hill sides, telling their tales of lordly oppression, and legends of olden time, the Rhine has little to boast over our own beautiful Hudson.

The wonderful cathedral at Cologne, is the most magnificent Gothic structure, erected by



human hands. Though commenced six hundred years ago, it is still unfinished, and is likely to be for many years to come. "In simplicity and grandeur of effect, in its power to appeal to the heart, it is without a rival among all the structures erected for Christian worship."

We made but little stay at Cologne, pushing on as far as Aix la Chapelle. This place contains some sulphur springs, which should be approached with caution, as they are usually surrounded by a crowd of wretched beings, afflicted with skin diseases. Stopping a few moments at the last resting place of Charlemagne, we started on the morning train for Paris. Our way lay through the farming, mining, and manufacturing districts of Belgium. Though spending a whole day in the cars, we enjoyed the ride very much. It was late in the evening when we reached the Hotel de Normandie in Paris.

The next day we took a carriage and visited nearly all the places of interest. We drove out past the stately ruins of the Tuileries, and the Palais de l'Industrie, to the Triumphal Arch. From the top of this monument, we gained a good view of the city, seeing distinctly all the prominent objects. Near by, is a hill over looking the Champs de Mars. After witnessing the evolutions of

the soldiers, we went to the Bois de Boulogne, to see, what has been considered, one of the finest menageries in the world.

Napoleon's remains rest beneath the gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides far away on the opposite side of the city, and we must be there before noon, or miss seeing the Emperor's mausoleum. It is a noble edifice and costly tomb, a fitting token of respect to Napoleon.

A circular crypt occupies the centre of the church, immediately beneath the lofty dome. Advancing to the white marble balustrade, which surrounds it, you look down upon the sarcophagus which contains the remains of Napoleon.

The sarcophagus is of red quartzite, resembling the ancient porphyry, and of exquisite workmanship. It is four metres in length, two in breadth and more than four in height. On the 7th. of May, 1861, it received the cedar and leaden coffin, brought from St. Helena.

His brother Jerome's tomb is in another part of the crypt, near by.

In the afternoon, we visited the Jardin des Plantes, and another menagerie; the Notre Dame and several other churches. We looked through the Luxembourg gallery, passed the Louvre, the ruins of the Hotel de Ville, and the pedestal of the Column Vendome, the

column having been thrown down by the Commune in May, 1871. One of the last places visited was the Morgue. Here the unknown dead are brought, and left exposed to view, to be recognized.

To-day there are two men lying here, upon a plane, slightly inclined to the glass partition, which separates the room for the dead from the public. Their clothes hang on a peg near by. They have been washed and shaved, and, with only a piece of tin, about a foot square for a covering, are awaiting recognition, or burial in an unknown grave.

We reached the garden of the Tuileries in time to listen to the band, which plays there at six o'clock in the evening. On our way to the station the next forenoon, we drove through some of the finest boulevards.

This has been a hasty look, at one of the finest cities in the world, and though obliged to leave many sights unseen, yet we were glad of this glimpse of the gay city. There is far less evidence of the war and civil strife, than might be expected. With the exception of the blackened ruins of the Tuileries, Hotel de Ville, etc., you would ride about in various directions, and see but few traces of the terrible destruction.

Sitting in a dining saloon, near the Tuileries, we noticed a handsome gilt mirror, cracked

by a bullet that had come through the window and lodged in the frame. But the marks of devastation have been so far erased, that one is not reminded of it so much as in Strasbourg. About noon we took the train for Dieppe, to cross over to New Haven, this being considered one of the most favorable places, for crossing the much dreaded channel.

We passed through Rouen, arriving at Dieppe in time to look around a little before the steamer left. We had laid ourselves away on the *shelves* around the saloon as comfortably as possible, and were composing ourselves to sleep, when the passengers by the last train arrived; and it was rather amusing to hear their remarks, as they commented upon the accommodations, or sought to lie down upon that part of the shelf already occupied. At last all was quiet, and we fell asleep, to wake up near the coasts of Old England. The chalk cliffs were in sight when we went on deck, and in a short time the steamer was beside the wharf, at the railroad station.

The custom house officers merely inquired if we had any wine or tobacco, and passed us at once. We now stand for the first time on the shores of dear England, which we have **always** so longed to tread, and are soon flying on an express train, through beautiful

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fields and pastures, with flocks of cattle and sheep feeding upon the hills, or reclining in the shade.

In a few hours we had passed the Crystal Palace and were entering London, upon a railroad higher than the tops of the houses. It soon descends to the level of other roads, and the train stops in Cannon street railway Station.

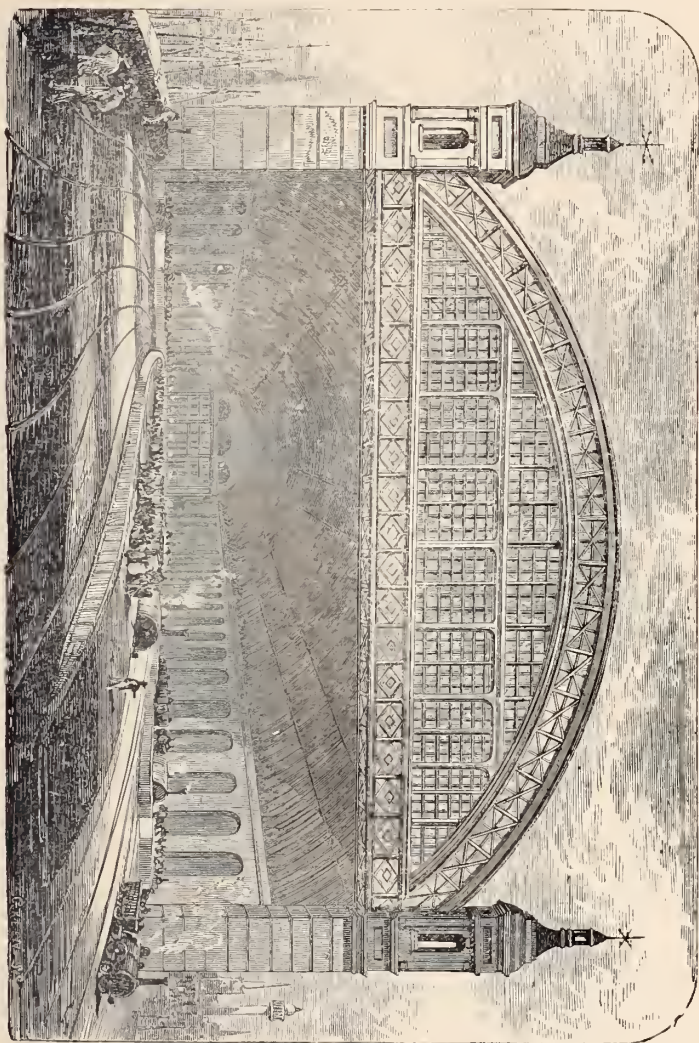
### XXX.

#### SIGHTS IN LONDON.

WE secured lodgings on St. Andrew's hill, in a central and desirable location. St. Paul's is near by, and we passed it several times each day, but it never inspired quite the same feelings of admiration, that it would have done, if we had seen it before St. Peter's of Rome. It is built of a light Portland stone,—now nearly black, from the dust and smoke of ages. It is said to be nearly half a mile in circuit, and the cross which surmounts the cupola is 384 feet from the ground. It is built in the form of a cross, the dome rising over the centre. There are many handsome monuments, among which we noticed those of Johnson, Nelson, Cornwallis, Moore, Wellington and the noble, self-denying Howard.



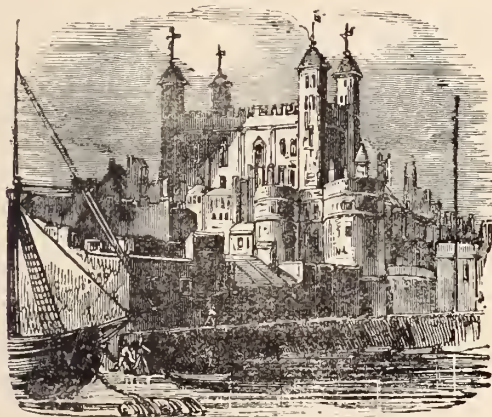
Cannon Street Railway Station.







After a visit to Victoria docks, where are brought together the products of every part of the world, we went to the Tower of London, so intimately connected with the history of England in other days. We waited till a party of about half a dozen was made up, and then were sent, under the leadership of a guide, to make the rounds. These guides, of



TOWER OF LONDON.

which there are a number, are retired soldiers. They wear a peculiar and fantastic costume, and the one who accompanied our party, had a fund of wit. In the hall containing the armor, there were many of the effigies of knights wearing armor, mounted on wooden horses neatly covered with horse-

skins and looking quite life-like. "These horses," remarked the guide, very quaintly, "require no feeding or grooming." One of the party said, "I suppose you have seen active service?" "In my younger days I used to be very active—with a knife and fork," he replied dryly.

In the Crystal Palace is a very characteristic and beautiful painting, representing this same guide showing the execution block and axe to a party of ladies. They were gathered round him, just as we were to-day, and listening with breathless silence to his words. The old man, with grave and earnest face, is the central figure in the group. His forefinger is pointing to the block, which still bears the marks of the executioner's axe. The various emotions of the party are pictured in their faces. One, a young lady, looks quite horrified.

Here are preserved thumb-screws and other instruments of torture. In one hall are stored many thousand modern rifles ready for use. In another we saw the shields, swords, spears, pistols and guns of different ages. J. Colt's name had always been coupled with the invention of revolvers, but here the guide showed one, made as he claimed, many years before Colt was born. This spot is intimately connected with the dark parts of

England's history. "Here, kings, queens, patriots, poets, and martyrs have suffered torture and death in the most horrid forms."

The jewel room contains five crowns; and the Baptismal and Sacramental service for the royal family, which is valued at four millions of pounds. Victoria's crown is said to be worth more than a million pounds.

"A crown, golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns;  
Brings danger, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights."

We saw an equestrian figure of Elizabeth, dressed in the same costume as she wore when going to St. Paul's, to return thanks for her deliverance from the Spanish Armada.

In the middle of a green lawn, is the spot where most of the executions took place. A room in the white tower was once occupied as council chamber. Here have been planned some of the most important and tyrannical acts connected with English history. We saw the room where by the order of Richard III., his two little nephews were suffocated, between two feather beds, and the guide pointed out the spot where their bodies were buried, beneath the landing of the stairs. After incarceration here, Sir Thomas Moore went forth and cheerfully laid his head upon the block, perhaps the same block that we see to-day. Thomas Cromwell was not so willing

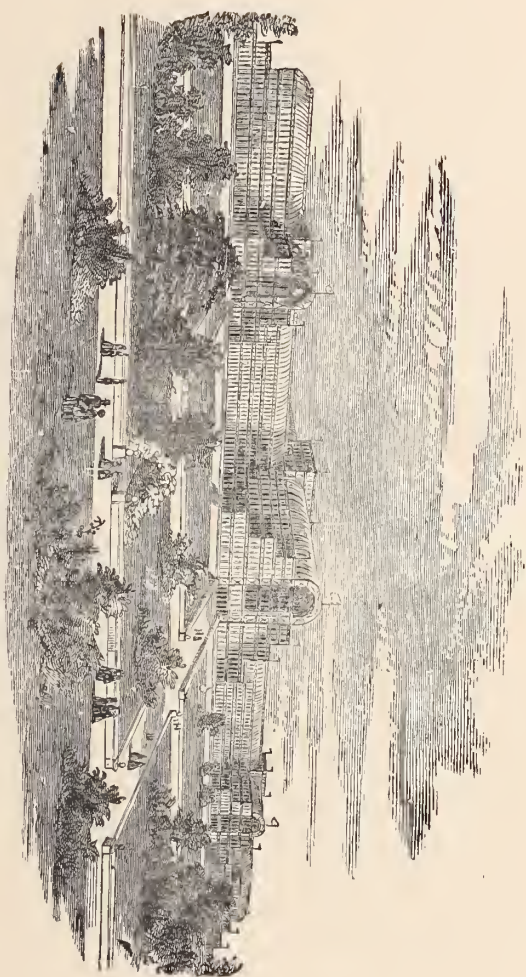
to yield up his life, but begged for mercy so earnestly, as to bring tears from Henry VIII. Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer and other good men suffered here.

Though we saw the exterior of Westminster, we were never in its neighborhood when it was convenient to enter, and gaze upon the costly monuments of kings, queens, and the great and good whose ashes rest there.

We spent as much time as possible in the British Museum. It is rich in antiquities from Greece and Rome, Nineveh and Egypt, Herculaneum and Pompeii. The library contains more than a million of books, 10,000 maps, 30,000 manuscripts, and 5,000 parchments. Here are the original manuscripts of Pope's Iliad and Tasso, and letters written by Napoleon, Peter the Great, Calvin, Luther, and Shakespeare; and to all this, every one is admitted free.

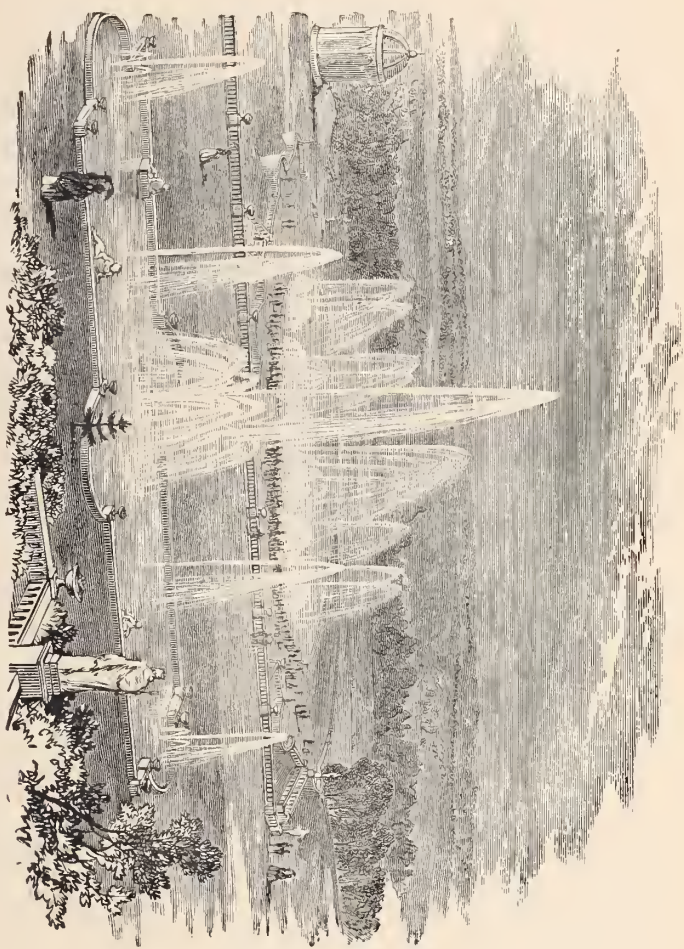
The Crystal Palace is about eight miles from London by railroad. A colonnade, eight hundred feet long, and covered with a glass roof, extends from the station to the entrance. Walking along this slightly ascending colonnade, admiring the statuary which fills its niches, you have a fine view of the palace, and the beautiful grounds in front. Though surprised at its vastness, it is no doubt much larger than it seems.

CRYSTAL PALACE.









Sydenham Palace Fountains.



Ascending a flight of steps, you enter, and passing through several courts, filled with merchandise, reach the main aisle. Before you, in the centre of the building, is a magnificent fountain, sending its water thirty feet in the air. A succession of glass bowls are arranged around it, to catch the water in its descent, thus arresting its fall, and dashing the silvery spray in every direction.

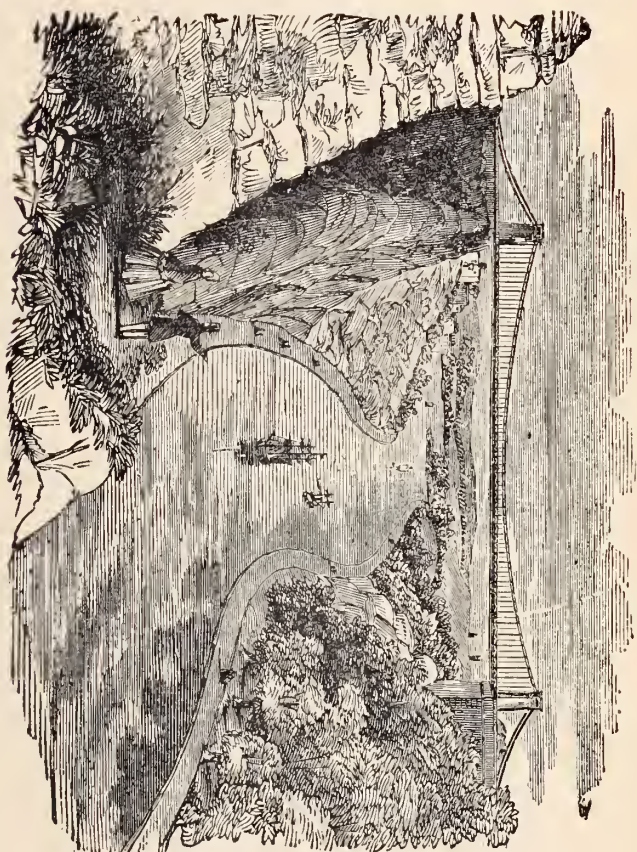
The Crystal Palace as now seen, seems to combine the two ideas of a museum and sales-room. Here are relics of the past, gathered from Egypt, Greece and Rome, sculpture, paintings, etc. Then there are long rows of carriages, and other articles, collected from the manufactories of the whole world, and exposed here for show and sale. The exhibition at Kensington gardens, is much more extensive, and shows more activity and enterprise.

It was rather amusing, after once initiated, to see how the door-keepers at the House of Parliament try to keep one out, and yet let you in when they find out exactly what they can make out of you.

"Impossible!" said the first. "It is a special occasion and every seat is full." We importuned,—should leave on the morrow,—only chance. "Do you know any member, from whom you could get a pass?"

"No; not one," we replied. "Well, pass on; go to Mr.—, the chief door-keeper, he takes a great interest in Americans, and may find some way to get you in." Glad to get past the first barrier, with Mr.—'s, name we passed the second and soon stood at the entrance to the House of Commons. Mr.—, the chief door-keeper, received us kindly, but could not possibly get us in that night. "Couldn't get a seat for any *money*." We plead. "Well, step aside and sit down there. Perhaps there will be a chance." Hoping something would turn up, we gladly took the seat. Just then the house was divided, or in other words they took a vote, and all came marching out through one door and into the other, giving an opportunity for the tellers to count. A young man, sitting near, asked if we desired to go into the house. We replied in the affirmative. "Impossible, you couldn't get in for a *guinea* to-night," said he. A guinea seemed too much, but if he could get us in he should be paid for his trouble. He would go and see if it could be managed. Returning shortly, he bade us follow, and slipping the fee into his hand, we were ushered into the gallery where there were only two or three other persons.

What particularly impressed us, about this very beautiful hall, was the mode of lighting



CLIFTON BRIDGE.

*(Now erected across the Thames at Charing Cross.)*





it. It was as light as day, and yet no lamp or gas could be seen. The ceiling seemed composed of ground glass and the gas was burning beyond it. Thus screened off, it threw down a clear, soft light. There was nothing of special interest before the House, and we soon left.

### XXXI.

#### LONDON PARKS AND CHURCHES.

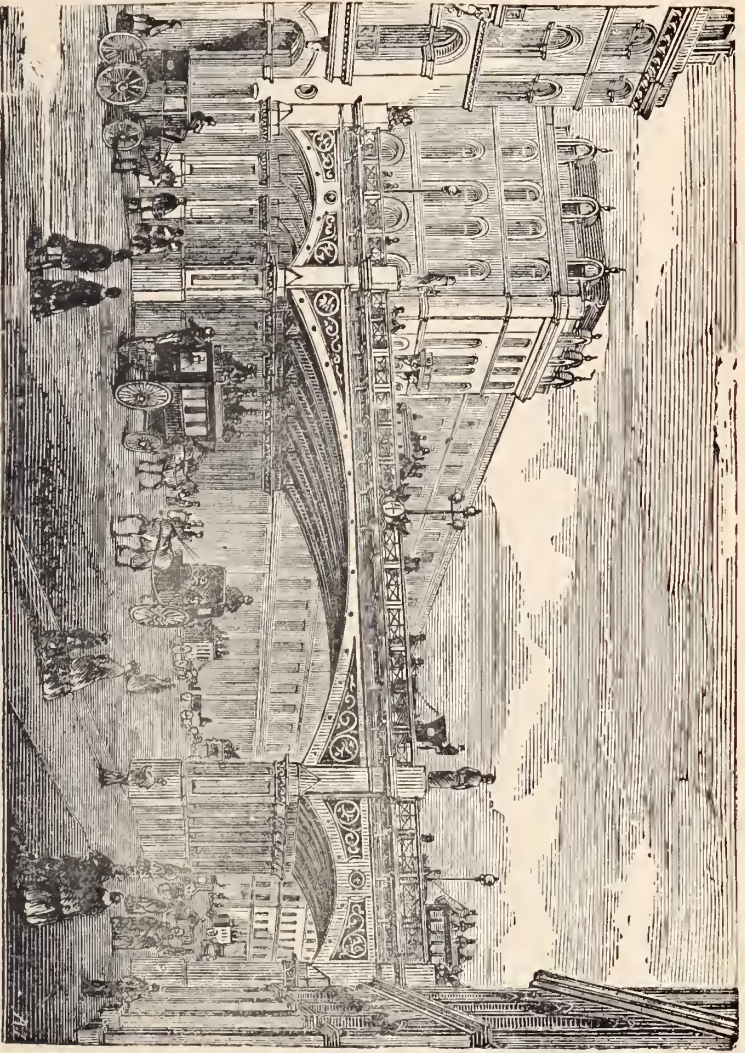
WE must not leave London without seeing one of its fine parks. Regent's, one of the largest, is a long distance off, and though there are no street cars, there is, what you will find in no other city in the world,—a system of underground railroads. A short walk brings us to the station, and, buying a ticket, we are directed upon which side to descend to avoid crossing the track. The platform and cars are lighted with gas. There is a double track, and the diminutive engines go shrieking past each other, dragging their little trains at full speed, usually below the surface, sometimes beneath the open heavens, but often plunging into long arches under the streets and houses. Arrived at your destination, you ascend the steps upon the

same side of the road, and pass out into daylight. The railroads are so numerous, that you may easily and quickly reach any neighborhood you desire. A few minutes brings us to the entrance of the park.

We took a long and tiresome walk, through the extensive and beautiful grounds, spending most of our time in the part devoted to the menagerie. Here is one of the finest collections of animals in the world, and containing a far greater variety than we have before seen in one place.

On Sunday we went to hear Spurgeon and Newman Hall.

As we approached the Tabernacle, there were a few tens of persons gathered upon the steps. While those provided with tickets, passed through a gate, and were admitted at a side door, the crowd upon the front steps was constantly and rapidly increasing. Though there was the utmost good feeling, yet those nearest the doors maintained their position. After long waiting and much crowding, we heard the bolts slide and simultaneously the three large doors were thrown open, and, borne upon the tide, we were carried forward, finding a convenient and comfortable seat, near the middle of the house, directly in front of the pulpit, or where the pulpit would be if there were one. The building is elliptical,



HOLBORN VIADUCT.



with two galleries, one above the other, extending quite around it. The fronts of the galleries, are attached to light iron pillars painted white, which support little arches all round the building under the roof. In the centre of the roof are five octagonal windows. There is no pulpit. The front of the platform is formed of three semicircles, the central one projecting a little.

Mr. Spurgeon's table is not in the front and centre, but a little aslant and off on one side, leaving him room to move about freely while speaking, without the intervention of anything between him and his audience. We were watching for him, as he entered and walked across the platform, sitting down he bowed his head upon his hand a moment, as if invoking assistance. He then came forward and in a very natural way said, "Let us pray" His prayer was simple, fervent and comprehensive. The first hymn,—one of his own composition,—he nearly recited. A chorister on the platform, at his left, led the singing, and it seemed as if the whole vast assembly joined him. He then read the eleventh chapter of John, giving paraphrases and brief explanations and applications.

He is a man rather below medium stature, and slightly corpulent. He seemed about forty-five. The upper part of his face was



shaved, but below and on his chin were whiskers. He has thick hair and a low forehead. None of his pictures, however, do him justice. When he speaks he has a pleasant expression that none of the artists have caught, though, some have represented him with his mouth open. His movements are slow. He spoke without notes and very fluently; yet it was easy to see that he often brought a sentence out differently from what he intended, when he commenced it.

Among several peculiarities in the use of language we noticed, he said of a "notion" that it was "grossly untrue," and of our sins, that they "divide us from God. But his language is simple, and his tones natural. His chief peculiarity seemed to be, the use of common expressions and old sayings.

"In what *does* his great power consist?" we asked ourself while listening to a good, plain, practical discourse, from John 11: 39—44. What he said was not strange or peculiar, but just what you would think any one might say. Beyond what has already been noticed we could discover nothing but great earnestness and thoughtful sympathy with all classes. His face looked careworn, as well it may, when we consider he has charge of that large church, a college, and theological seminary, an orphanage, and a large num-

ber of out stations, missions, colporters, etc., etc. After the service we saw him for a few minutes, and in private conversation, found him very pleasant and sociable.

In the afternoon, we went to Surrey Chapel, to hear Newman Hall. The church is octagonal in form, and much better lighted than Spurgeon's. When they commenced reading the liturgy, we feared there had been some mistake, and asked one sitting near if it was Newman Hall's church. Half assured, yet fearing the question had been misunderstood, we looked for Mr. Hall. It certainly can't be that very aged, white-haired gentleman in the reading-desk, conducting the services. We had never thought of him as being an old man; and in a maze we began to think how long it had been since we first heard of his "*Come to Jesus*," and vainly endeavored to recall from his father's memoir some dates, as to his father's or his own life, that would throw light upon the subject. Just then a tall man, of middle age, entered and ascended to the pulpit. We were not at all pleased to see this stranger come in,—fearing an exchange, and that we should not hear Newman Hall. Again interrogating our next neighbor, we asked, "Who is that?" "Newman Hall," was the reply. "Is that Newman Hall?" And his very satisfactory response was, "Yes."

Mr. Hall is a dissenter, and of broad, catholic spirit. Though he uses the liturgy he does not read prayers. When, after the service, we expressed surprise that they used the liturgy, he said, "We claim to be the only ones who use it properly." His theme was "The gospel the bread of life." The only thing remarkable about the discourse was its plainness, and great simplicity. But he was in earnest, and interested every one who heard him.

His language is chaste and correct, showing him to be a man of learning and culture. When told how much he was honored, for giving all of his father's life,—the dark side of the picture as well as the bright,—he said it was pretty hard; he sometimes thought people will say, "He must be a strange sort of a man, if he had such a father as that." But it was the way his father had left it, and it was necessary, in order to show the work of grace. We told him it would surely do good wherever it was read, and expressed a hope it might be abridged, to bring it within the reach of all classes.\*

Like Spurgeon, he is at the head of numerous evangelical organizations. He is said to have fifteen Sunday schools, with some five

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\* "*The Autobiography of Vine Hall, Author of the Sinner's Friend*," is the book referred to.

thousand children in them. He has the care of missionaries in seventeen localities. After the Sunday evening service, some members of his congregation, hold out-door meetings. Connected with his church are numerous Clothing Societies, Industrial schools, Temperance and Tract Societies; besides all these the church contributes to other associations. In this way, several thousand pounds are expended yearly, besides supporting the services at Surrey Chapel. Though burdened, he looks fresh and vigorous, and his conversation is animated and hearty



## XXXII.

### NEWCASTLE ON-TYNE. THE LAKES, ETC.

LEAVING London by the ten o'clock express, we reached Newcastle-on-Tyne, at five in the afternoon; travelling two hundred and seventy two miles in seven hours. In this day's journey, we have passed through some of the highly cultivated districts of Old England. The train stops for a few minutes at Peterboro, Doncaster, York, and Durham. We leave Cambridge with its university on our right, and the busy towns of Bradford, Nottingham, and Leeds, on our left. A scene in Nottingham market, is represented in the engraving on the opposite page.

After a very pleasant visit of a week or two with numerous friends and relatives, I left the rest of the party, and started to attend the meeting of the Irish General





NOTTINGHAM MARKET.





Assembly, in session at Belfast. I took a through ticket across England to Furness-in-Barrow, and then by steamer to Belfast; with the understanding that I would reach my journey's end the next morning. But imagine my disappointment on reaching Leeds, to learn the steamboat train had left, and I could not proceed further till the next day. It however gave me an opportunity to look about the city, and make a trip to the ruins of an ancient abbey, a few miles away. I also determined to spend the next day upon the English lakes, which lie almost directly in my way. Leaving Leeds on an early train, I reached Lakeside station at the foot of Windermere, in time for the steamer, and spent one of the most lovely days I ever experienced, among the lakes. Windermere is about ten miles long, if I mistake not, and from half a mile to a mile wide. The scenery is very beautiful, reminding me more of Lake George than anything I have seen. About half way up the lake, the steamer stops at the village of Bowness, and then proceeds to Ambleside, at the head of the lake. Here you take a coach, and ride over a beautiful road, to Grasmere, about two miles distant.

On the way, you pass the residences of Harriet Martineau, Wordsworth and Coleridge. Rydal Hall, and Rydal Mount.



HOME OF WORDSWORTH.

In Norman Macleod's account of a visit to the poet Wordsworth he says:—"We then went out and stood on the lovely green mound commanding views of Rydal and Windermere;" and goes on to relate the conversation that passed between them. I fancy I see these two great men enjoying each other's society and the beauties of nature.

This is called the most beautiful and interesting ride, in the lake district. Rydal lake is seen on the west, a pretty little sheet of

water, perhaps a mile or less in circumference. Grasmere is but little larger. In the village of Grasmere, at the north end of the lake, is an ancient church edifice, with square embattled tower. In the church yard, a plain blue head-stone, marks the grave of the poet



GRASSMERE CHURCH.

Wordsworth, and near by is a neat monument over the last resting place of Coleridge. On the way back to Ambleside, the residence of the late Dr. Arnold, the famous master of Rugby school, was seen near the foot of the Western hills.

This is the favorite region for summer residences, and much wealth has been lavished upon these naturally beautiful landscapes. There are two steam yachts on Windermere, making several trips each day. In returning, I stopped an hour or two at Bowness, a beautiful village on the east shore, built on the hillside, embowered in trees, and commanding a good view of lake and mountain scenery. As the steamer approached the wharf, my attention was called to "Poet Close," leaving his book-stand and umbrella shade, and stealing along with a cat-like tread to the steam yacht. In a quiet and unobtrusive manner he offered for sale his literary productions, in sheet and pamphlet form. I much regret I did not purchase one of his works, that I might give a specimen of his rhyme. He has more than once sought the appointment of poet laureate, and still hopes the government will show such an appreciation of his talent, as either to give him this office or a pension.

He was much flattered by a notice *Punch* gave him, though he did not see that the style was a close imitation of his own rhymes, and was very indignant that *Punch* should call his verses "doggerel."

The steamer reached Lakeside station, just in time for the train to Furness Abbey. This

ancient structure is built of pale red sand stone, in a deep, shady glen. It was founded in 1127 and peopled from Normandy. There is a window in good preservation of round Norman, and another of pointed Gothic architecture. The moss and ivy seem striving to conceal the old stones, and hang in festoons from tower, arch and turret.

There are several rival lines between the western shores of England and Belfast. The steamers leave at five or six o'clock in the afternoon, and cross the Irish sea during the night, reaching Belfast at six or seven in the morning. I was on deck soon after the Irish coast was in sight, and watched it with interest. I have seldom, if ever, looked upon a more beautiful prospect. The landscape is dotted with pretty white farm-houses, and the neatly cultivated ridges are sloping and green to the water's edge, with a background of blue hills in the distance. I no longer wonder that the Irish emigrant sighs for his green islet home.

As we enter the harbor, a busy scene greets the eye. The steamers from Liverpool, Pice, Glasgow and Barrow arrive about the same time, and moor in a row along the wharf, leaving again in the evening.

Belfast is an enterprising and handsome city, the centre of trade for the north of



Ireland and the greatest linen emporium in the world. The houses are built of brick and stone, and there are many beautiful streets and fine buildings. A ridge of high hills majestic and beautiful, extends along the west and north.

The linen factories are very extensive, a single establishment employing 2,000 hands. But just now the mills are nearly all closed, the hands having struck, or been "locked out." It is said that 25,000 are out of employment, and the manufacturers have promised to yield to their demands, in part.

I easily found the church where the Assembly was in session and received a warm welcome from the Rev. James Gibson, a classmate, whom I had not seen since we parted in Princeton, thirteen years before, and from the Rev. Hugh Waddell, a missionary of the Irish church, I had parted with in China. An other friend, the Rev. Mr. Brown, had gone home, expecting to see me there. I was introduced to the chairman of the Committee on missions, and other leading members, some of them inviting me to accept their hospitality, and preach for them on Sunday. There was scarcely any one present besides the members. Neither the moderator, nor any one else, who spoke while I was present, commanded the attention of the members; who, through it all,

continued to talk together of other matters. It was, with the exception of a New England town meeting, the noisiest assembly I ever saw undertake to do business. I was told they had spent a day or two discussing the question whether churches should be allowed to use organs. It speaks well for the growing intelligence of the Irish Presbyterian church that when it came to a vote there was a tie.

My friend Gibson took me in a jaunting car to see the interesting objects in the city and call on some of his freinds.

### XXXIII.

#### THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

THIS Great natural curiosity is about fifty miles north of Belfast. The carriage road round by the coast is very interesting, but time is saved by taking the cars to Port Rush.

I arrived in the evening and started the next morning in a jaunting car for the causeway, with a boy called Tom for a driver.

The Irish jaunting car is peculiar to Ireland. It is a two-wheeled vehicle with the springs fastened to the top of the axle in a

line with the shafts. The shafts rest upon the springs and the cart upon the shafts. There are two seats lengthwise of the car, one over each wheel. Between the wheels is a box, high enough to furnish a support for the back of the passenger, and forming a capacious receptacle for the baggage. The passengers sit back to back, facing the sides of the road, their feet resting upon a foot-board. Two may sit on each side and one in front, making five in all, for one horse. And yet the load is so well balanced over the axle, and the wheels are so large, that it seems easier for a horse, than to draw the same load on any other carriage I ever saw. I fell in love with the Irish jaunting car almost as much as with the beautiful scenery.

From Port Rush to the causeway is seven miles, though Irish miles are pretty long; some one has said that St. Patrick measured them in his coach, and they are long enough to warrant the supposition. Tom and I jogged along in the car, the road lying over hill and dale, for the most part, along the rocky sea-shore. As we passed the castle of Dunluce, Tom pointed to a little hill on the opposite side of the road, and told me there was where they used to hang the peasantry for the slightest crimes, even theft. No doubt, in olden times these lords ruled with a rod of

iron, and though there is great improvement, Ireland is, unfortunately, not entirely free from their despotism. The roads are hard, rocky and hilly; the farm houses small and sparse. Dunluce castle is four miles from Port Rush. The farmer, whose house and barn stand near by, pays Lord——, the present owner, £20 per annum for the privilege of showing the ruins to visitors, and keeps an old man for the purpose. I could not learn what he realized from the show. No charge is made, but every one is expected to give the old man a shilling.

Dunluce, in historic and romantic associations, is unsurpassed by any ruin in Europe. It stands upon a jutting rock one hundred feet above the level of the sea, separated from the main land by a chasm more than twenty feet broad, formerly spanned by a draw-bridge. In old times it must have been impregnable. It was for a long time one of the strongholds of the Irish chieftains, "Who reigned here as kings," as Tom said, when he pointed to "Gallows Hill," nearly opposite. In the castle is still shown the Banshee's room. This spirit is said to assume the form of a woman. She is usually attired in white, with curling hair floating over her shoulders. Her duty is to warn the family of approaching misfortune. She is scarcely ever seen, usually

giving the warning by night in a weird wail, which may be heard at a great distance.

“The Banshee mournful wails  
In the midst of the silent, lonely night,  
Plaintive she sings the song of death.”

This castle was long held by the McQuilans, and the country about has been fought over till the streams ran with blood.

“Here Erin once in feudal hour  
Made foeman yield to Erins’s power,  
Here twanged the horn or echoing shell  
That roused the clans from brake and dell.”

As we approached the hotel near the Giant’s Causeway, the working part of the community could be seen in the fields, but the sight of a jaunting car, bearing a stranger, brought out the drones. Leaving their houses, they all assembled at the hotel, and gave me a warm welcome, each urging upon me his little box of specimens of rocks. “Buy mine!” “All these for a shilling!” “I will sell mine for a sixpence!” “Now you have bought his! I showed you mine first. You might buy this box of me!” “I will sell you mine for a sixpence, and show you all round,” said one enterprising little fellow,—and we closed the bargain with him. There is a cave, more than one hundred yards long, with the entrance from the water, by boat. “Here,” said the lad, as we passed some imperfectly formed columns, “here the giant





THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.





tried his prentice hand." The columns are composed of trap rock, crystalized without exposure to the air, formed under great pressure in the bowels of the earth. Along the high banks, you see these columns standing nearly perpendicular, twenty or thirty feet high. Near the sea shore they have been broken off and washed or carried away, and you walk over the ends and may easily count the sides. They are compactly pressed together so that water will not pass between them, and though of all figures, from three-sided to nine-sided, yet, strange to say, the contiguous sides are always just equal. The Giant's Well is six inches deep, surrounded by nine equal sides, and the bottom is composed of three hexagons. "If you take three drinks from the well," said my little guide, "and go and sit in the Wishing Chair, you will get your wish within a twelve-month, and if single you'll get married, and if married you'll have an addition to your family." Down upon the knees, and three drinks of clear, cold water, and straight to a seat in the Wishing Chair. If any one inquires as to the result, I have only to say my advice is "Try it."

The Wishing Chair is formed by a column being broken a little lower than its neighbors, which are left at a suitable height to form a resting-place for the arms and back.

Pointing to a stone resembling a human figure, the boy said, "That is the Giant's Wife, he was ashamed of her for marrying three times while he was still alive, so he turned her to stone."

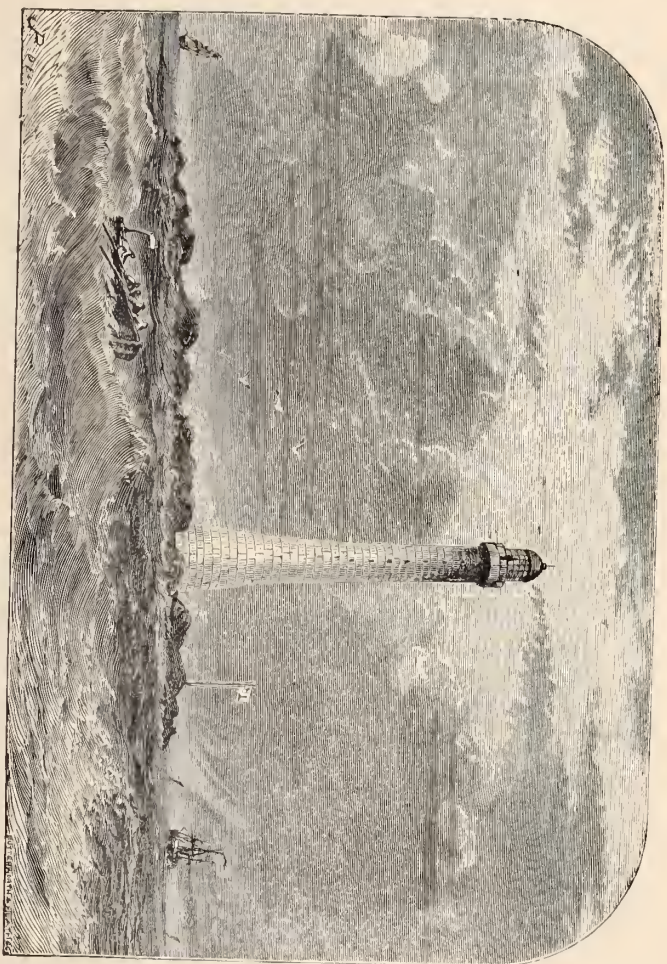
He took me to a locality where porphyry, quartz and opal are found. By breaking up the trap rock, we gathered many beautiful specimens of these stones.

### XXXIV.

#### THE IRISH SEA AND SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

WHEN we returned from our ramble over the Giant's Causeway, Tom immediately harnessed his horse to the jaunting car and drove to Port Rush, arriving in time for the train to Londonderry. The road runs along the coast, with occasional glimpses and sometimes broad views of the ocean.

In Londonderry I looked at some of the principal objects of interest, walked round on the wall, and left in the steamer for Glasgow about six that evening. As we steamed out of the harbor, Londonderry presented a very pretty appearance. It is situated on highlands, at the head of a small bay, with wooded hills on either side.



Skerryvore Lighthouse.



I watched the northern coast of Ireland, and could identify Port Rush and the Giant's Causeway, just before the darkness shut out the land from view.

During the evening, I fell into conversation with some of the passengers. One, a farmer from the North of Ireland, lamented the great changes which had taken place since he was a boy. "Formerly," said he, "the girls learned to spin and weave. Here is a specimen of what they used to do; this snit (pointing to what he had on) was spun and woven by my wife." "And does her great credit," I replied, for it was a fine, soft piece of woolen cloth. But he grieved that the girls now-a-days learn none of these things; though he acknowledged they earned at needle work and in the factories, twice as much per day, as they could only a few years ago. This led him and his companion to lament, that they had to pay so much for farm hands. They spoke of the time within their memory, when they could employ a good laborer for two shillings per week. It did not seem to occur to them, that the condition of the poor laborer was correspondingly improved.

We leave the famous Skerryvore lighthouse far away to the right. This beautiful structure is  $138\frac{1}{2}$  feet high, 42 feet in diame-



ter, at the base, and 16 feet at the top. It cost about 87,000 pounds to build it. Before it was erected, a vessel was lost on an average each year.

Around the coasts of Great Britain are two hundred and fifty two lighthouses. They are so placed, that no matter in what direction a ship is sailing, on the coast of Great Britain and Ireland, a light is always visible, and at times two or three. The lights are distinguished, either by the color, revolving or fixed, double or treble revolving, and by the time which elapses between the flashes.

When I came on deck the next morning, the hills of Scotland were in sight. Scotland has a glorious history. In few other countries, have the people stood up so boldly for their religious principles, and suffered so much for conscience sake. I had always longed to look upon her hills and lakes, and tread ground hallowed by so many historic and sacred associations. My long cherished desire is about to be gratified. We steam up the bay, enter the mouth of the Clyde, and soon land at Greenock. This was the birthplace of James Watt, the inventor of the Steam Engine. His name is embalmed in its history, and needs not the monuments rising here to commemorate it.

In the High church burying ground is the

grave of "Highland Mary." Upon her monument is inscribed these lines, from Burn's sweetest song, "*To Mary in heaven*:"—

"Oh, Mary! dear, departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?"

The tide being unfavorable, we proceeded at once to Glasgow, by railway. The distance is only about twenty miles, along the banks of the Clyde, past Dunbarton Castle and other interesting spots.

The city of Glasgow lies on both banks of the river, extending back over the slopes, and crowning the summits of irregular ridges running east and west. Though it has an ancient history, it grew very slowly till within a comparatively few years. Since the improvement of its harbor, many large ship-yards and other manufacturing establishments have sprung up, and the population is now reckoned at upwards of half a million.

One of the pleasantest tours, that the circumstances would allow me to take, was what is called "the circular trip," through the Highlands and lakes, to Edinburgh and back to Glasgow.

I left Glasgow the same evening after my arrival, and reached Balloch at the foot of the lake, in time to see the sun's last rays die away on Loch Lomond, and have a pleasant

twilight stroll along the shore. It was well I did, for it was the most favorable view I got, of this really charming scenery. I passed the night at the Temperance Hotel, where the accomodation and attention were all that I could desire. A steamer was in waiting, to take passengers by the morning train, to the head of the lake, and though there was every prospect of a rainy day, it was my only chance, and I started.

At the southern end, the Loch is several miles wide, narrowing towards the north. The steamer touched at several points on either side, winding among the beautiful inlets. We passed close to the base of Ben Lomond, seeing something of his gigantic proportions, though a cloud of mist hung over his brow. At Inversnaid the passengers all disembarked, and rode in an open carriage, or diligence, through the rain, across a barren moor, four miles, to the head of Loch Katrine. The little steamer is waiting for us, and the shower is nearly over as we go on board. This lake supplies Glasgow with 20,000,000 gallons per day, of the finest water in the world. It is one of the loveliest of the highland lochs, and famous as the scene of the *Lady of the Lake*, and of Rob Roy's exploits. We soon pass Rob Roy's house and Ellen's Isle.

To those who have read the “*Lady of the Lake*,” this island has a hallowed interest beyond any other spot in the Highlands. This was the home of the noble Ellen Douglas, the Lady of the Lake.

The island is thickly covered with trees, their branches drooping gracefully to the water’s edge. Fitz James had lost his way, and was wandering on the shore of the mainland, when the poet makes him say:—

“I am alone, my bogle strain  
May call some straggler of the train.”

Ellen heard the notes of the bogle, and in her little skiff quickly reached the shore. Fitz James, concealed, viewed through the branches, her lovely form:—

“A chieftain’s daughter seemed the maid,  
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,  
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed:  
And seldom o’er a breast so fair  
Mantled a plaid with modest care,  
And never brooch the folds combined  
Above a heart more good and kind.  
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,  
Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,  
Or filial love was glowing there,  
Or meek devotion poured a prayer:  
Or tale of injury called forth  
The indignant spirit of the North.  
One only passion unrevealed  
With maiden pride the maid concealed;  
Yet not less purely felt the flame,  
O! need I tell that passion’s name.”

The island is a monument to the memory of Ellen Douglas, and will always be venerated by the good and noble hearted who visit this romantic spot. It was here that Ellen refused the hand of Roderick Dhu, and while refusing, she said :—

“ Rather through realms beyond the sea,  
Seeking the world's cold charity—  
Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,  
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard—  
An outcast pilgrim will she rove  
Than wed the man she cannot love.”

Again leaving the steamer, we mount a carriage similar to the one we had before, and ride through the Trossachs. The road lies past a couple of lakelets, winding among mountain passes, through wild and beautiful scenery to Callendar.



## XXXV.

### EDINBURGH - CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

BETWEEN Callendar and Edinburgh the road passes the battle-field of Bannockburn, Stirling Castle and other spots made interesting by historic associations.

It was Saturday night, and after dark, when the train reached Edinburgh. Turning away from all its pulpit attractions, I spent a quiet Sabbath in Portobello, the guest of Charles Merrilees, Esq., editor and proprietor of the *Portobello Advertiser*, going with him and his family to a suburban church.

Portobello has a fine beach, and is now the most popular watering-place in Scotland. Hawthornden and Roslyn Castle, Dalkeith Palace and Craigmillar Castle are all places of interest, and of easy access from Portobello.



On Monday, meeting the rest of the company, who had come on from Newcastle, we spent the day in visiting places of interest in the Scottish Metropolis.

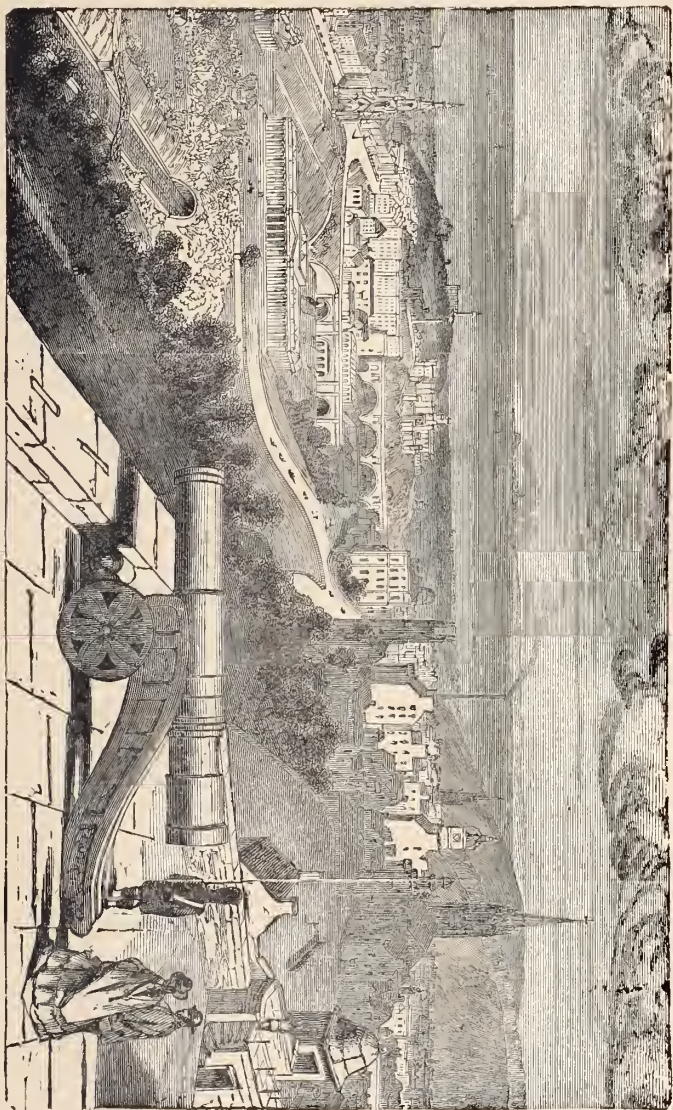
Edinburgh has as fine a site, as any capital in Europe, and the prospect, from the top of the hills, is varied and extensive;—

“Traced like a map the landscape lies  
In cultured beauty stretching wide;  
There Pentland’s green acclivities;  
There Ocean, with its azure tide;  
There Arthur’s Seat; and gleaming through  
Thy southern wing, Dunedin blue!  
While in the orient, Lammer’s daughters,  
A distant giant range, are seen,  
North Berwick Law, with cone of green,  
And Bass amid the waters.”

The resemblance of Edinburgh to Athens is often noticed, by travellers who have visited both capitals. The distant view of Athens from the *Ægean Sea*, is said to be extremely like that of Edinburgh from the *Firth of Forth*.

Many of the localities in and around Edinburgh, are rendered interesting by their historical associations, as well as their natural beauty.

The Castle stands in the centre of the town, on a precipitous rock, nearly four hundred feet above the level of the sea. Before the invention of gunpowder, it was considered almost impregnable. Here are barracks for two thou-



View of Edinburgh from the Castle.

means of a ladder which they had brought with them. Francis, the guide, ascended first, Sir Andrew Gray was second, and Randolph himself third. Ere they had all mounted, however, the sentinels caught the alarm, raised the cry of "Treason!" and the constable of the castle and others, rushing to the spot, made a valiant though ineffectual resistance. The Earl of Moray was for some time in great personal danger, until the gallant constable was slain, when his followers fled or fell before the hands of the assailants.

Sir William Kirkcaldy of Grange made a gallant defence of the Castle on behalf of Mary Queen of Scots; on which occasion he resisted the combined forces of the Scots and English for thirty-three days, demanding no parley, till the fortifications were battered down, and the wells choked with rubbish. Even then, with a heroism truly chivalrous, he determined rather to fall behind the ramparts, than surrender to his enemies. But his garrison, not animated with the same heroic courage, rose in mutiny, and compelled him to capitulate, at the sacrifice of his own and his brother's lives.

The Castle is garrisoned by a regiment of Highlanders, and I saw for the first time their fantastic costume.

Crossing the moat by the drawbridge, and passing through the *Portcullis Gate*, and beneath the ancient *State Prison*, we climb a narrow staircase to the Crown-room.

The insignia of Scottish royalty consists of a Crown, Sceptre, Sword of state, and Lord Treasurer's rod of office.

These relics have an interesting history. When James VI. ascended the English throne, he left these regal emblems, as it proved, a source of vexation to their guardians.

During the troublous times of the Commonwealth, Edinburgh Castle fell into the hands of the English, so that on the 6th of June, 1651, the last day on which the Scottish Parliament sat, they directed Earl-Murray to take the regalia to his castle of Dunnotar and keep it till further orders. Subsequently, when he was a prisoner in England, and his castle was likely to be taken, these emblems of royalty were saved by the ingenuity and courage of his mother. Acting in concert with the wife of the governor of the castle, and the Rev. James Granger, she contrived, at much personal risk, to convey these articles to the minister's house, where they were concealed in a double bottomed bed, till Mr. Granger had an opportunity to inter them in his church.

Their hiding place was kept a profound

secret until the Restoration, when Mr. Granger communicated it to Charles II.

Many of the Scotts felt that by the Union with England, they had lost their national independence. So deep was the sentiment, and so great the agitation, that the government no doubt thought it wise, to remove these objects from the sight of the people. They were therefore placed in an oaken chest, which was deposited in a vaulted room with iron door and grated windows—the present Crown-room. As the regalia was no longer to be seen, the people thought it was no longer in existence, or had been taken to England, and as time passed on, it was altogether forgotten.

In 1794 the room was forced open by a special warrant, but the old oak chest was some how disregarded and the regalia was not found. In 1817, a committee, including Sir Watter Scott, commanded the King's smith to force open the old chest, and to their great joy, they found the various articles, just as they had been left more than a hundred years before.

We also visited a small apartment known as Queen Mary's room. Here James VI was born, and some of the furniture is the same that Mary used.

Descending the hill we passed John Knox's



house, where he lived from 1560 till his death in 1572.

At the foot of the hill we took a carriage, and drove to Holyrood palace. Strolling through the picture gallery and halls, we soon sought Queen Mary's apartments, which remain very much as when left by the unfortunate Queen. In her bed-room is the bed and other furniture which she used. We were shown her work box and other trinkets, among which were specimens of her needle-work. On one side of the room is the door of the secret passage, by which the conspirators entered, and adjoining, is the cabinet, or closet, where they found their victim, Riccio. It is said, that when he saw they sought his life, he got behind the Queen, seeking her protection. He received several stabs, while in her presence, and was then dragged through her bed-room, and murdered near the entrance of the audience chamber, receiving in all fifty-six stabs. His blood-stains still mark the spot.

We climbed to the top of Arthur's Seat, a hill about eight hundred feet high, and commanding a fine view of country, city and sea. Nearly opposite the Royal Hotel in the Princess Street gardens, an elegant gothic tower has been erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. This is without exception the prettiest monument we have seen, in



all our long journey and sight seeing. It is two hundred feet high and cost £15,650.



SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MONUMENT.

From Edinburgh we go to Glasgow. These two great towns are on opposite sides of Scotland and only forty seven miles apart. We are a little over an hour in reaching Glasgow, getting another, and as it proved the last glimpse of Scottish life and scenery, for on the twenty second day of June we sailed in the Steamer Australia for the United States.

We went on board Saturday morning, and in the evening were far out on the ocean. With the captain's permission, the passenger's

were invited to unite in asking for the divine blessing and protection during the voyage, across the boisterous Atlantic. The services consisted of reading, singing, and prayer, and were continued throughout the voyage, and attended by nearly all the passengers, not excepting a family of Jews.

Small hymn books, provided before embarking, were passed round, and the services were conducted in turn by several Christian gentlemen.

On Sunday we were off the coast of Ireland, and took on more passengers, especially in the steerage. In the forenoon, we held a service among the passengers on deck, and distributed tracts. A gentleman for twenty-five years connected with the American Bible Society, and filling an important post in the Bible House, was on his way back from a visit to relatives in England. He exhorted the emigrants, as a fellow emigrant, speaking from experience, entreating them before the green shores of their own native land faded from their sight, to make a solemn resolution to abandon the use of intoxicating drinks. With his head bared, his silvery locks tossed by the wind, holding his Bible in his hand and gesticulating earnestly, his venerable form stood out against the sky, making a picture never to be forgotten.

Every evening just before the lights were extinguished, reading and games were laid aside, and all seemed to enjoy the evening hymn and unite in the evening prayer. We encountered the usual amount of fog, and though the last days of June, it was so cold on deck as to make an overcoat or shawl quite comfortable.

The morning of the fourth of July finds us off Boston. We had hoped to spend this day at home, but have nearly a day's steaming to reach New York. We are on deck early. There is a shower directly ahead, while in the east the sun is just beginning to redden the horizon. The forked lightning is playing across the clouds ahead, and those at the zenith are touched with golden tints.

The red streak along the eastern horizon grows redder, and the golden tints spread in that direction. The clouds above break and float away, revealing the azure sky, just as the glorious orb of day appears, for a moment gilding with glory the specks and streaks of cloud in his path, and disappears again.

The shower has changed the wind, and the sailors are hauling round the yards, that the sails may catch the light breeze springing up. The lightning is seen faintly and at longer intervals, and a steamer from New York is passing not far away on our left. In a few

moments more the sun has emerged from the clouds and is shining forth in all his glory.

This is the first day since leaving Glasgow that we have not needed overcoats when on deck. During the day we saw steamers and other vessels, and—land! We were watching for it long before it could be seen, and saw it come in sight, dim and cloud-like in the distance, as it looked more than twelve years ago fading from sight! That evening we anchored off Staten Island, and watched the fireworks, of which there were fine exhibitions directly opposite where we lay.

We could see the rockets from New York, and other places, and the "Anstralia" sent up her share. While enjoying such a brilliant display on the earth the heavens seemed to set up a rivalry. Bright streaks of lightning shot from clond to clond or, in zigzag course, stood out in ladders of light, and at short intervals magnificent flashes made the heavens seem all ablaze.

The next morning we entered the harbor and reached at last our native land. No longer Homeward but at HOME.

" Our wand'rings now are o'er,  
The toilsome journey past,  
The longed for haven reach'd,  
And we are home at last."

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